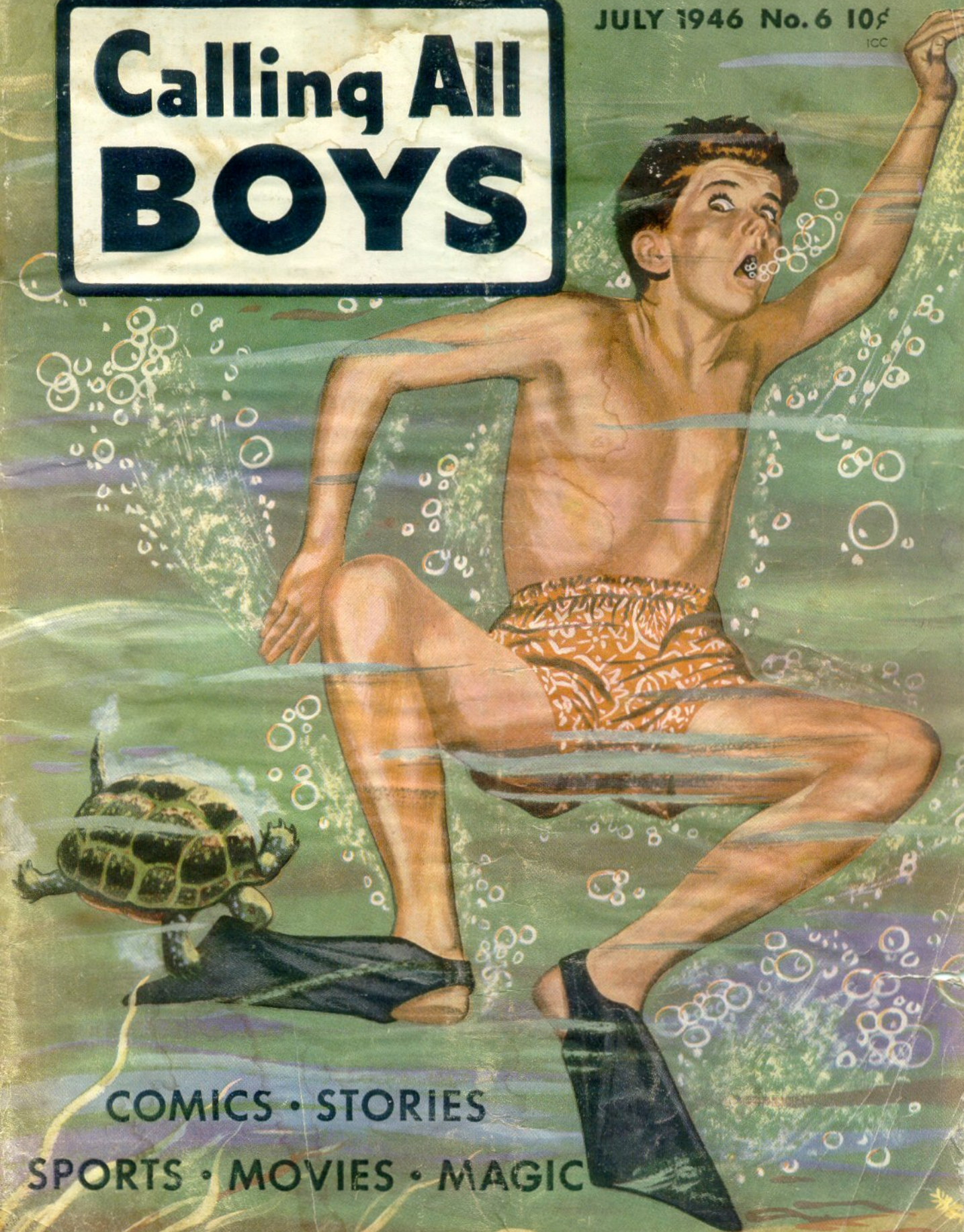


JULY 1946 No. 6 10¢

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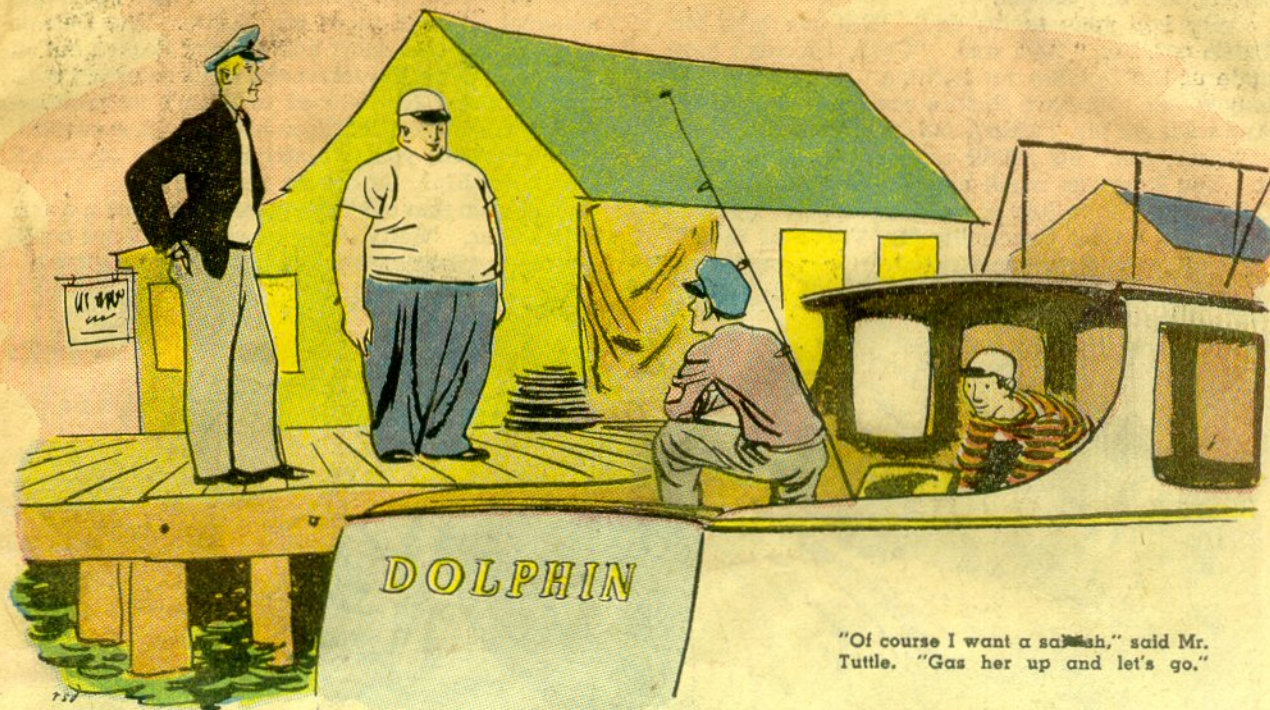
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# The Human Fish

**J**UST ABOUT everybody around Palmville, Florida, called Bill Saunders, "Salty." The nickname suited him, too. Not only because he was the town's diving and swimming champ but because he had been practically raised on his father's charter fishing boat, the *Dolphin*. At fifteen, Salty could play a fighting marlin and boat a sailfish with the best of them. And as mate of the *Dolphin*, he knew the sparkling blue waters of the Gulf Stream like his own back yard.

Salty was on the bridge deck of the faithful old *Dolphin* one Saturday in the late Spring of 1946, steering her down the Black River toward Palmville. He wore oil-stained duck pants and his bare torso had a tan that was the envy and despair of lily-white Northern tourists.

Behind him, in the aft cockpit, Salty's red-headed friend, Pickles Perry, was busily arranging fishing tackle. He looked up.

"Gosh, Salty," Pickles said. "Do you think he'll let us take him? Do you think he will, huh?"

Salty's lips tightened. "Hope so," he replied. He didn't say how much he hoped but his thoughts went on. By "he," Pickles of course, meant Mr. Ambrose Tuttle, the wealthy Detroit breakfast food

king who had come to Palmville with the avowed intention of catching a sailfish. He had offered a \$100 bonus, plus the usual \$35 charter fee, to the boat captain who would see to it that he hooked a sail. So far no one had collected the \$135!

By CHARLES SPAIN VERRAL

One hundred smackers for a big sailfish? "Easy money!" said Salty Saunders, but that was before he found two fish on one line

Mr. Tuttle had chartered the *Dolphin* for a day's fishing with the understanding that Salty's father would be the skipper. But this morning, Mr. Saunders had slipped and injured his leg—the leg that had been wounded during a Murmansk convoy run in the War. And he'd been in no condition to leave his bed, let alone take out the *Dolphin*.

Salty had overheard his father and mother talking. "Of all the rotten luck," his dad had said. "I know I could've got Mr. Tuttle a sailfish. Just think what that \$135 would've meant. Why, added to what we've got in the bank, it would be enough to refit the *Dolphin*!"

The *Dolphin* was old and a lot of ocean water had splashed across her prow. She needed to be done over, all right—made to look sharp with lots of bright work and colorful upholstery. Though still seaworthy, the veteran was dingy and weather-beaten. She just couldn't compete for customers against the new charter boats with their fancy fit-



tings. Salty's father had operated at a loss all season, for this reason.

Salty had gone to his dad. "Let me take Mr. Tuttle out, Pop," he'd said. "Gosh, I haven't been mate of the *Dolphin* for nothing. I know how to handle her. I'll have Pickles come along with me. And we'll get Mr. Tuttle a sail, too!"

"Okay, son," his father replied. "Go ahead. Try it. You know as much about tackle and bait as I do. And you're just as good a skipper. But you may have a time convincing Mr. Tuttle of that."

Salty realized how true his father's words were when he pulled the *Dolphin* up to the Palmville municipal slip and faced Mr. Tuttle. The Detroit manufacturer was short and fat and decked out in blue slacks, white polo shirt and a cap equipped with a green visor. He listened to Salty's explanation of his father's accident. Then his beefy face swelled.

"Go out with you two striplings!" he exploded. "Worth my life! Of course, I won't!"

It was then that old Capt. Henry, the dock master, strolled over. "Salty here knows more about boats



Suddenly the sailfish came to life! Mr. Tuttle was catapulted head first over the side of the *Dolphin* and into the ocean.



an' fishin' than most anybody on th' Coast," he said. "Reckon he must be part fish, hisself, th' way he kin swim. Yes, sir! And if it's a sail you want, why..."

"Of course I want a sailfish!" Mr. Tuttle said. "I've tried every confounded boat here—and not one captain has been able to get me one!"

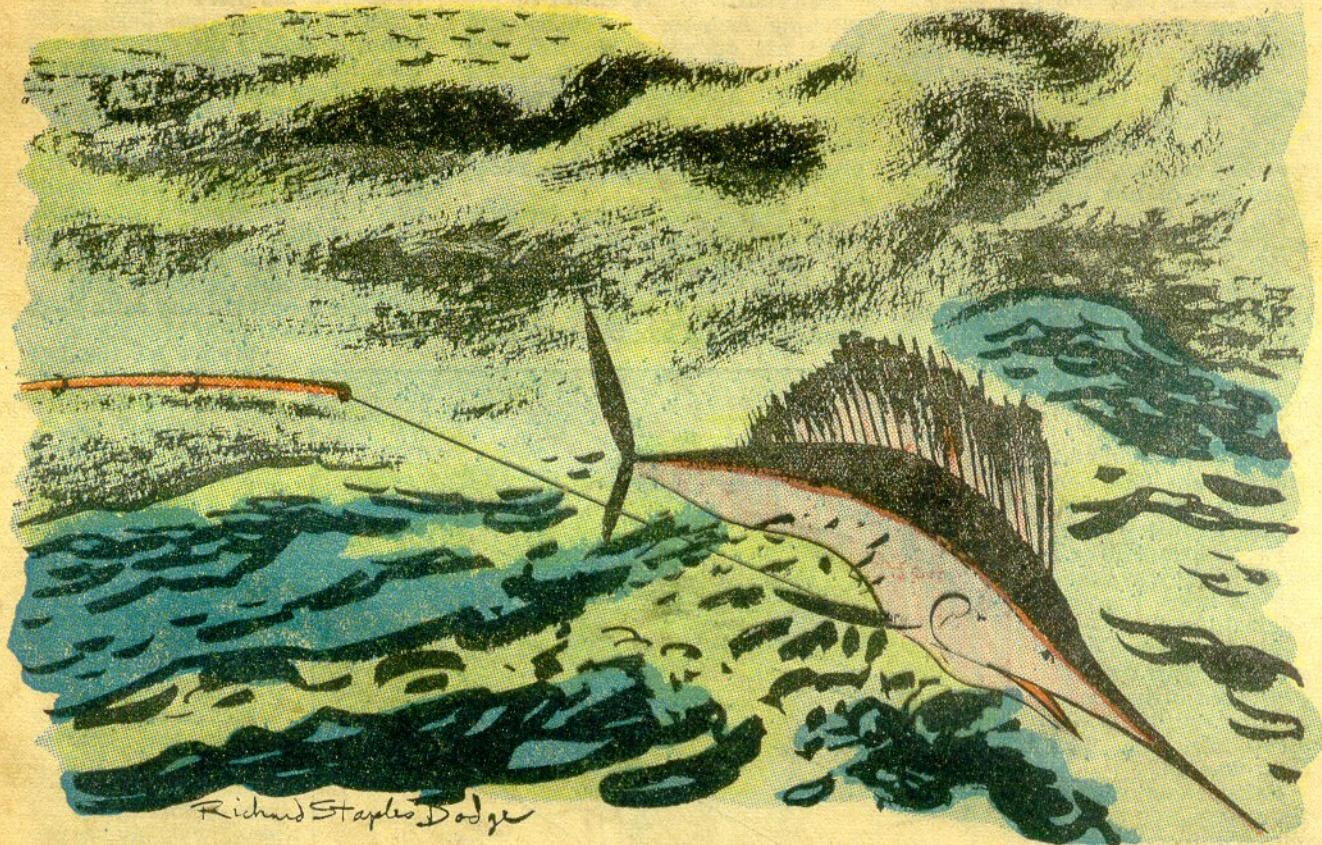
"Wal" Capt Henry drawled. "You haven't tried the *Dolphin*. Salty'll catch you a sail if he has to jump in and grab it barehanded!"

"All right!" Mr. Tuttle barked. "If this boy's as good as you say..." He turned on Salty. "Gas up

At one o'clock, Salty had Mr. Tuttle reel in. He carefully re-set the hook and baited it again with mullet. He let the line out, making sure that the bait was skipping on the surface seventy feet to stern in just the position to attract sailfish.

The clear sky of morning had clouded over and the soft breeze had stiffened to a brisk wind, roughing up the sea. Salty glanced eastward and frowned. A few white caps had appeared. If a storm should come up...

Mr. Tuttle's excited voice broke his thoughts. "I've



that old scow and let's go. And remember, if I catch a sail, you get one hundred dollars bonus!"

"One hundred smackers for a little old fish," Pickles whispered to Salty as the *Dolphin* got underway. "This is going to be a push-over!"

But, by eleven o'clock that morning, it looked as if it was going to be far from a push-over. For two solid hours they had trolled up and down the Gulf Stream and Mr. Tuttle had caught no sailfish. In fact, he had caught exactly—nothing!

By noon Salty was getting worried. He felt if he could just handle the line for awhile, maybe their luck would change. But Mr. Tuttle was indignant. "I'll do the fishing," he said. "You run the boat. If you hooked a sail, it wouldn't be mine."

Even when Salty broke out the lunch his mother had prepared, Mr. Tuttle refused to leave the fighting chair in the stern. He held the fishing rod in one hand and ate sandwiches with the other. In between bites he voiced his wrath. "Serves me right," he stormed. "No business coming out with two brats. Ought to have my head examined."

hooked something! Maybe it's a sailfish!"

But the something turned out to be a barracuda. The fish had scarcely been boated and the hook rebaited when Mr. Tuttle got a bonito. In the next hour he caught a pompano and another barracuda. But the sailfish stayed strictly away.

"It's a conspiracy!" Mr. Tuttle ranted. "I tell you I've got to get a sailfish! My partner, John, got one last year, has it mounted in his office. And, by jiminy, I want one, too! I'll raise it fifty dollars! One hundred and fifty dollars for a sail!"

"He sounds like an auctioneer," Pickles muttered.

But Salty scarcely heard his freckle-faced friend. He was thinking of his dad and what that money would mean. Somehow he had to find a sail and get it on Mr. Tuttle's line.

Salty took the *Dolphin* north to the Wickham Light where he and his dad had once caught a record number of sails. And when no fish rose, he headed south, skirting the Abbot coral reef—and still no luck. It was now past three o'clock and the sky had a threatening look. Salty, looking up at the sky



knew that a bad storm was brewing. There couldn't be much more time left for fishing. Already the ocean was beginning to toss angrily.

Salty turned to warn Mr. Tuttle—then he stiffened. Something had broken surface astern, just behind the skipping bait.

"Fin!" Salty yelled. "Sailfish astern! Get set!"

Mr. Tuttle barely had time to brace himself before a sailfish shot half out of the water in a lunge, striking the bait with its long bill.

"Let go the drag!" Salty yelled. "Give him the bait!"

Mr. Tuttle excitedly obeyed. Salty, one hand on the wheel, watched tensely. He waited until forty feet of line had gone whistling out. Then, "Now! Throw on the drag! Strike him. Quick!"

Mr. Tuttle horsed back, yanking the tip of the rod high. At the same moment, Salty rammed the throttle open and the *Dolphin* leaped ahead.

"It's a sailfish!" Mr. Tuttle yipped. "And I've hooked him!"

There was no doubt about that. The fish line in its mouth, came lancing into view, its beautiful sail extended. It was shaking its head, tugging against the hook.

Mr. Tuttle was now standing with the end of the rod in the pouch of his rod belt, his small feet set. The fight was on.

Salty remained on the bridge, his brown eyes shining with excitement, as he expertly maneuvered the charter boat using the *Dolphin's* power to help play the mammoth fish.

The sail, battling like a demon, raced to starboard in a series of savage leaps. It reversed itself, tried to sound. Salty lost track of time as the struggle continued. He forced himself to stay at the wheel. If he only could take the rod in his hands, he felt sure he could bring the fish in. But, it was Mr. Tuttle's sail and he was paying for it.

However, he'd have to land it in a hurry for the weather was getting worse. A heavy sea was running, rolling the *Dolphin* and sending sheets of spray across the prow. Salty's shouted advice to Mr. Tuttle quickened.

"Keep pumping! Reel in! Take up the slack. Hurry!"

Strain showed on Mr. Tuttle's fat face, but he gradually fought the sailfish in closer. "It's a monster!" he gasped. "Two hundred dollars if I land her!"

For twenty more harrowing minutes the contest went on. Then, abruptly the fight seemed to leave the fish. Mr. Tuttle reeled in feet of line. "I've got her!" he exulted.

Salty handed the wheel of the pitching *Dolphin* to Pickles and went aft quickly. No fish was caught until it was boated. There was still danger of it breaking free. Salty picked up the gaff, steadying himself as a comb broke against the port side, rocking the *Dolphin*.

Mr. Tuttle was leaning far over the starboard gunwale of the cockpit, bringing the ten-foot sailfish alongside. He was trembling with excitement and fatigue. Salty reached out his hand to take hold

expert dive, he knifed over the gunwale. He flipped quickly to the surface, shook moisture from his eyes—and his heart shot into his mouth.

Mr. Tuttle was still holding fast to the fishing rod and, with the reel brake set so no more line could go out, he was being literally dragged through the water by 100 pounds of bolting sailfish! Already the floundering manufacturer was ten yards away.

Salty's tanned arms flashed. He swam at double the clip that had won him the county championship. Fear was on his face. Fear for Mr. Tuttle. He wouldn't last long in this heavy sea.

Salty reached the gasping Mr. Tuttle as a mighty wave broke over him. He grabbed him under the arm pits. Mr. Tuttle was almost all in but he still held the fishing rod in a deathlike grip.

"Take it easy!" Salty said. They slid into the trough of a wave.

"Don't let the fish go!" Mr. Tuttle managed to splutter.

"I won't!" Salty wrenched the fishing handle from Mr. Tuttle's grasp and instantly felt the strong tug of the big sail at the other end of the line. Salty held to it, grimly, treading water, supporting the sagging Mr. Tuttle with one arm.

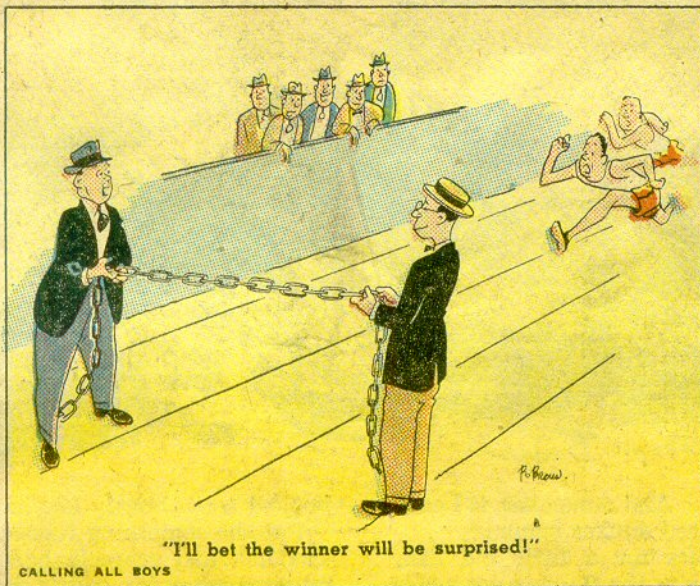
Pickles had already swung the charter boat around. But it seemed to take forever before the *Dolphin* was alongside. Salty handed the rod up to the waiting Pickles. "Hang onto the fish! I'll get Mr. Tuttle aboard!"

Engine idling, the *Dolphin* was wallowing in the heavy sea. And it took all of the strength in Salty's toughened arms to heave Mr. Tuttle up into the cockpit. Then, Salty clambered after him. Mr. Tuttle, his wet clothes glued to his fat body, was already staggering to his feet.

"Give me that rod!" he said to Pickles. "That fish thinks he can catch me, eh! Well, I'll show him!"

And, shaken and grey of face, Mr. Tuttle did. The sailfish had lost all its savage fight. Three minutes later, with Salty handling the gaff like a veteran, they boated a magnificent specimen.

(Continued on page 45)





# DIG BAILEY

## "THE STOLEN JEWELS"



DIG BAILEY AND THE MADCAP CREW OF THE TUGBOAT "BROADSIDE" WHIZ THROUGH A NIGHT OF HIGH ADVENTURE WHEN THEY TACKLE THE MYSTERY OF "THE STOLEN JEWELS."

ONE DAY, AS THE "BROADSIDE" MOVES DOWN THE HARBOR...

LOOK, DIG. THE "ARCADIA" IS COMING INTO HARBOR.

THE "ARCADIA!" ISN'T THAT THE SHIP "PLAYBOY" PHIL MARSH IS ON?



THAT'S RIGHT, ZEKE. THERE'S A STORY ABOUT HIM RIGHT HERE IN THE PAPER. HE WAS COMING BACK FROM THE ORIENT ON THE "ARCADIA" WHEN HE HAD HALF A MILLION DOLLAR'S WORTH OF JEWELS STOLEN FROM HIM!





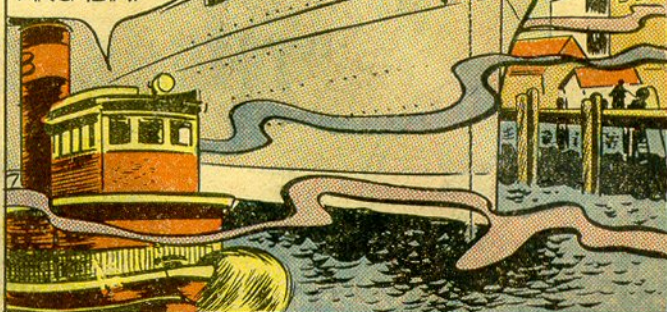
HALF A MILLION BUCKS! DON'T WORRY ABOUT "PLAYBOY" POOR GUY!

PHIL, ARCHIE. THE PAPER SAYS HE WAS FULLY INSURED FOR THE LOSS!



THAT NIGHT, AS THE "BROADSIDE" MOVES OUT TO SEA...

LOOK OVER THERE, ARCHIE! ISN'T THAT SOMEONE ON THE DOCK NEXT TO THE "ARCADIAP?"



IT SURE IS, DIG. AN' HE'S PUMPING AIR TO A DIVER.

HMMMM. NIGHT'S A RISKY TIME TO SEND A DIVER DOWN. LET'S PULL IN SO WE CAN SEE WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!



HERE YOU ARE, BOSS! TH' BOX WAS JUST WHERE YOU SAID IT WOULD BE.

NICE WORK!



THE DIVER CAME UP, CARRYING A BOX! I'VE GOT TO HURRY.



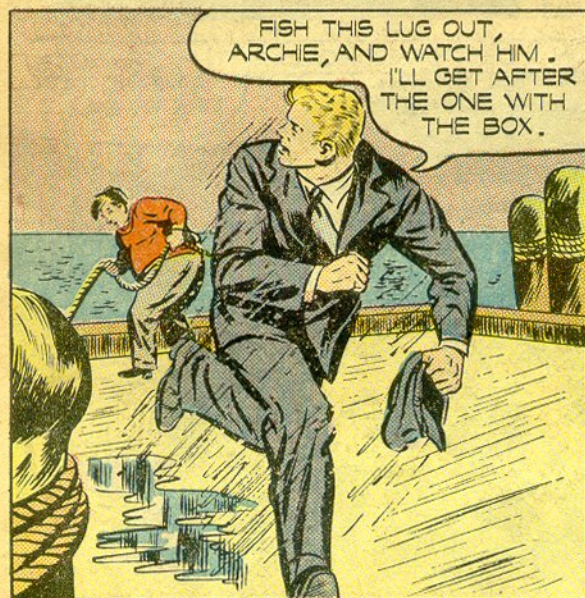
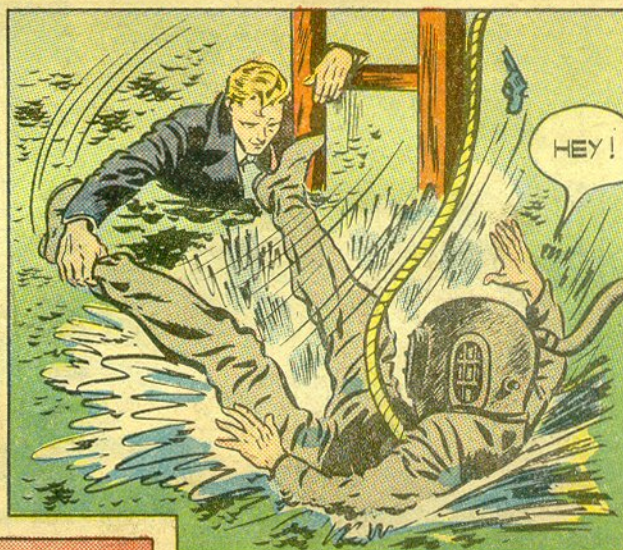
ARCHIE AND ZEKE, YOU WAIT ON THE SHIP. I'LL INVESTIGATE!

OKAY, CAP'N.

HEY, WHAT TH--?





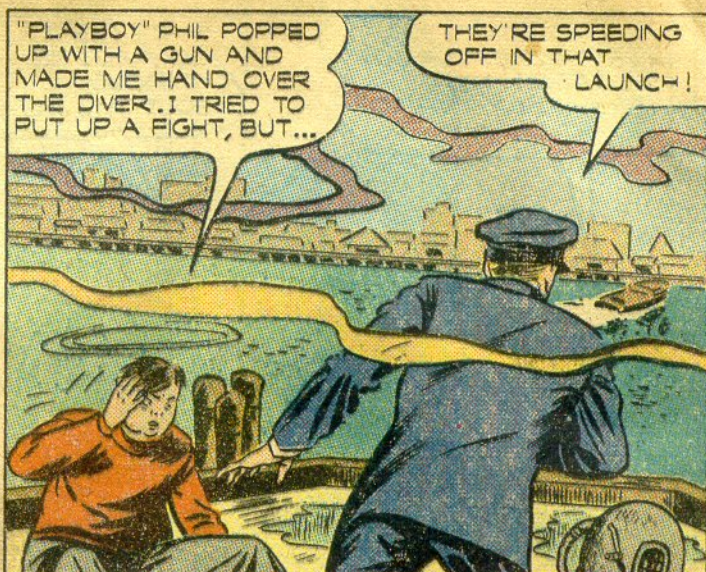






HELP!  
DIG,  
HELP!

THAT'S  
ARCHIE!



"PLAYBOY" PHIL POPPED  
UP WITH A GUN AND  
MADE ME HAND OVER  
THE DIVER. I TRIED TO  
PUT UP A FIGHT, BUT...

THEY'RE SPEEDING  
OFF IN THAT  
LAUNCH!



FULL SPEED AHEAD,  
ZEKE! WE'RE CHASING  
"PLAYBOY" PHIL MARSH!

SUFFERING  
SWORDFISH!  
THIS WAS  
SUPPOSED TO  
BE MY NIGHT-OFF.

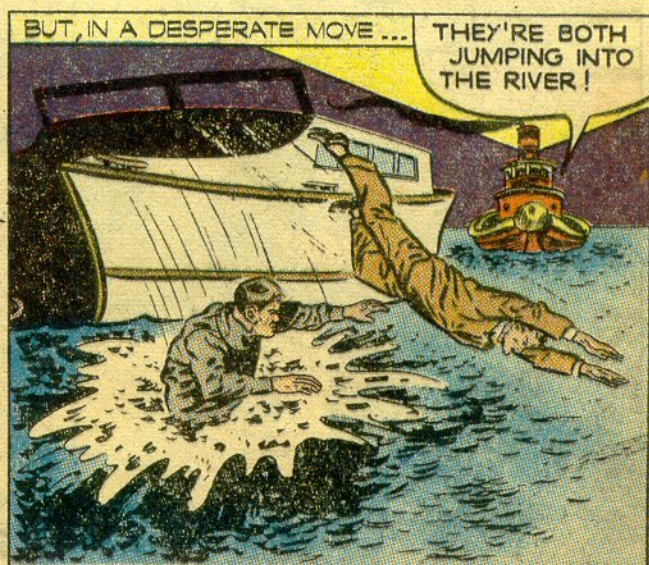


THE "BROADSIDE'S"  
PULLING UP, ARCHIE!  
GIVE 'EM THE  
SPOTLIGHT!

AYE, SIR!  
BUT THEN  
WHAT?



AHOY! YOU TWO!  
STOP THAT MOTOR OR  
WE'LL RAM YOU!



BUT, IN A DESPERATE MOVE ...

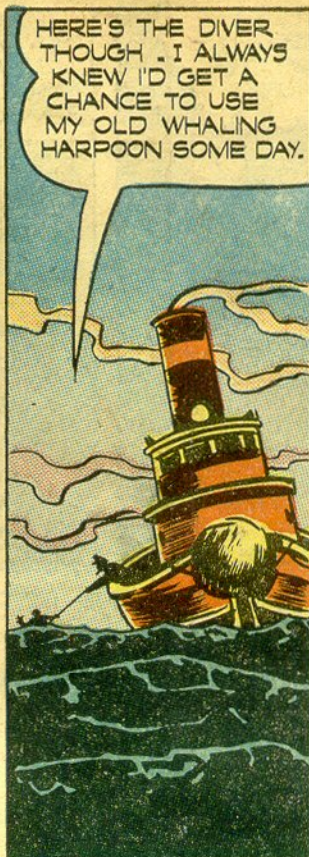
THEY'RE BOTH  
JUMPING INTO  
THE RIVER!





HELP!  
HELP!  
I CAN'T  
SWIM!

PLAYBOY  
PHIL'S GONE  
DOWN. DANGED  
FOOL! HE  
SHOULD HAVE  
THOUGHT OF  
THAT BEFORE  
HE JUMPED IN.



HERE'S THE DIVER  
THOUGH. I ALWAYS  
KNEW I'D GET A  
CHANCE TO USE  
MY OLD WHALING  
HARPOON SOME DAY.



WHERE'S THAT  
BOX YOU  
BROUGHT UP  
FROM THE  
SIDE OF THE  
"ARCADIA?"

PHIL HAD IT.  
AND HE'S IN  
DAVY JONES'  
LOCKER NOW!



IT DOESN'T MAKE  
SENSE, ARCHIE. A  
MAN WHO CAN'T  
SWIM WOULDN'T  
JUMP INTO DEEP  
WATER LIKE THAT!

WHY NOT?  
HE WAS  
PROBABLY  
PANICKY!



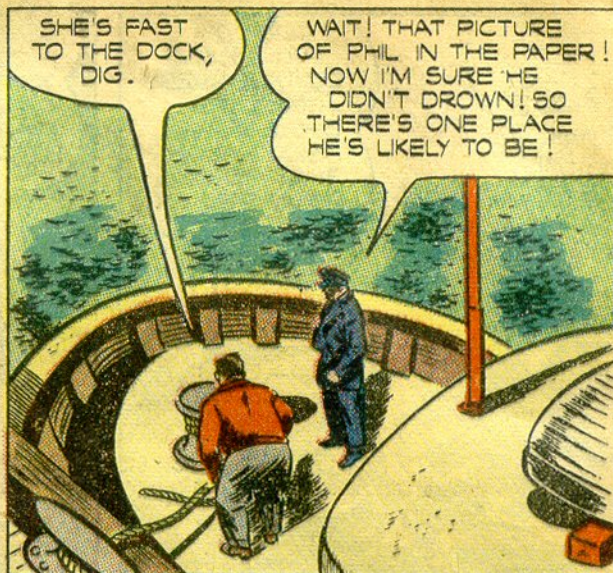
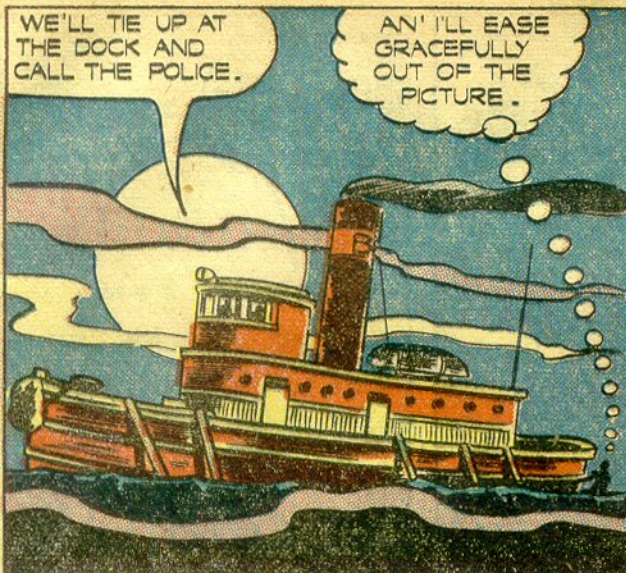
WE'LL DELIVER  
THE DIVER TO  
THE POLICE BUT I  
STILL FEEL THERE'S  
SOMETHING FISHY  
GOING ON HERE.  
WHAT DID PHIL  
HAVE IN THAT  
METAL BOX?



THE ANSWER, DIG, IS  
CLOSER THAN YOU THINK!

THE UNDERSIDE OF  
THE "BROADSIDE"  
IS THE LAST PLACE  
THEY'D LOOK FOR  
ME! THOSE FOOLS  
THINK I'VE DROWNED!





WATCH FOR "DIG BAILEY" IN NEXT MONTH'S "CALLING ALL BOYS."



# BASEBALL'S YOUNGEST UMPIRE



At eighteen, Hank McGowan surprised sports fans everywhere by becoming the youngest umpire in organized baseball

By GEORGE FOLEY, JR.

**O**F the thousands who play baseball in sandlots only a very small percentage will ever reach the big leagues. For competition in the professional diamond is so keen that only the best players can hope to make baseball a life's work.

Yet there are other careers in baseball besides those of players. Some boys who lack the outstanding ability necessary to make the grade as players have still managed to find spots for themselves in organized baseball. Such a boy is Hank McGowan.

An Ozone Park, L. I., boy, Hank has played baseball almost since he was able to hold a bat. Catching was his position, and he played a fairly good game behind the plate. As a hitter he held his own although he was hardly the star batter on his home team.

Yet Hank lived baseball. There wasn't a player he didn't know by name and batting average and he could tell you World Series scores from a decade back. Like so many of his friends Hank hoped some day to be in the big leagues. He confided his ambition to the man-

ager of his home team one day, asking what position he should aim for.

"Son," said the manager, an old timer who could spot a natural-born player on any diamond, "I don't think you have the makings of a big leaguer. You play a fair game. But fair isn't good enough for a playing career in baseball. However, you can still make a living in baseball. I think you'd make a wonderful umpire. Think it over."

This was something Hank had not expected. But he did think it over. Umpiring was baseball, and it was interesting. He decided to give it a try. He worked behind the plate in a few local games and umpired his first semi-pro game at just fifteen. Everyone on the field was much older than Hank, yet he called the decisions like a veteran. He soon found that he had the players' respect, and before the game was over, he decided that he'd try for a career as an umpire.

But like everything else umpiring takes a lot of hard work to get to the top. Hank studied the rules until he knew them by heart.

Then he got a job in the Polo Grounds in New York, during the summer, where he could observe umpiring from both the players' and umpires' viewpoint.

Later Hank got a job as office boy in the Giants' home office, where he learned much about baseball organization and what makes the big leagues run. And on Sundays and when he wasn't working with the Giants, he umpired American Legion and service games, gaining experience and confidence all the way.

This year Hank got his big break. There was an opening in the Ohio League for an umpire for the 1946 season. That's a Class D state league, but it's the proving ground on which many a star has stepped to fame. And it is professional baseball! Hank was recommended by Carl Hubbell, one of his special pals. When he signed his contract, he became the youngest umpire in organized baseball!

Hank's old manager, who has started so many a boy on his way up the baseball ladder, is happier about Hank than most of the other stars he has made. After all, if a lad's a great player, baseball needs him. But it takes more than great players to keep baseball running. Remember that the next time you see a big league game. And take a look at the umpires out on the field, in their dark caps, suits and ties. For one of them may be Hank McGowan, just another kid who loves baseball and made good in a different way.



# MAGIC TRICKS

## THE TWENTY-ONE TRICK

**A**LTHOUGH this appears to be a game, it is really a very neat trick, with a double twist. Twenty-one matches are laid on the table and you announce that you will take turns with someone at drawing matches from the heap.

On each draw a person must take at least one match, but not more than three; therefore, the draw consists of one, two or three matches, as the player prefers. The game is to take the last match and somehow, as the plays progress, it always turns out that you are able to win with your final draw. No one can tell how!

Then, before people can become discouraged, you offer to make them win. This works just as effectively; no matter how hard the other player tried to avoid it, you always make him take the final match!

The trick is this: Whatever number the other person takes, you draw enough matches to make the total *four*. If he draws one, you draw three; if he draws two, you draw two; if he draws three, you draw one. But that is only part of it. Your idea is to hit certain key-numbers; namely, 1, 5, 9, 13, 17—and 21.

If you draw first you are sure to win, because you can begin by taking one match and after that make sure that your friend's draw and your own always total four. To make the other player win, let him draw first and immediately use the "total four" system, your key numbers being 4, 8, 12, 16, 20, leaving him a last match which he must take.

Practise this trick a few times for smoothness before you try it on your friends or family, and you'll be sure to baffle them thoroughly!

## THE SIXTEEN MATCHES

This stunt is a puzzle, rather than a trick, but it's one that is so baffling to the average observer that most people claim it "can't be done" and are therefore much amazed when you prove it can be.

Sixteen matches are placed as shown in Figure 1, and attention is called to the



Fig. 1

fact that they form *exactly* five squares. The trick is to move two matches to new positions and reduce the number of squares from five to four.

No odd ends can remain. The squares must be as perfect and as legitimate as those in the original formation. Just move two matches and no more!

The trick is explained in Figures 2 and 3. In Figure 2, the marked matches are the ones which must be moved.

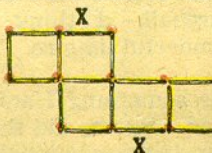


Fig. 2

Figure 3 shows their new positions with the resulting four squares.

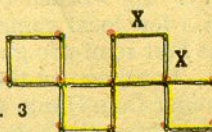


Fig. 3

## AMAZING COLOR CARDS

**F**OR this experiment in mental mystery you need four cards, each of a different color, and four envelopes, each just large enough to receive a card. If you wish, you can use four pieces of white cardboard, marking each with crayon of a different color to form a large circle in the center.

While your back is turned, people place the cards in the envelopes and seal them. Then the envelopes are given to you. Holding each envelope to your forehead you name the color of the card inside it. When you open the envelopes and take out the cards, your guesses prove to be absolutely correct!

Simplicity is the keynote of this trick, but it requires careful preparation. You cut the cards yourself, to fit the envelopes, but in so doing, you must use some neat measurements. Only one card, the red one, fits an envelope snugly. The rest are trimmed carefully, about a sixteenth of an inch, along certain edges.

Cut the yellow card short along the top edge. Cut the green card along the side edge. As for the blue card, it is cut short along both the top and the side. The difference is so slight that it will not be noticed by the eye, but you can detect it when the cards are in the envelopes.

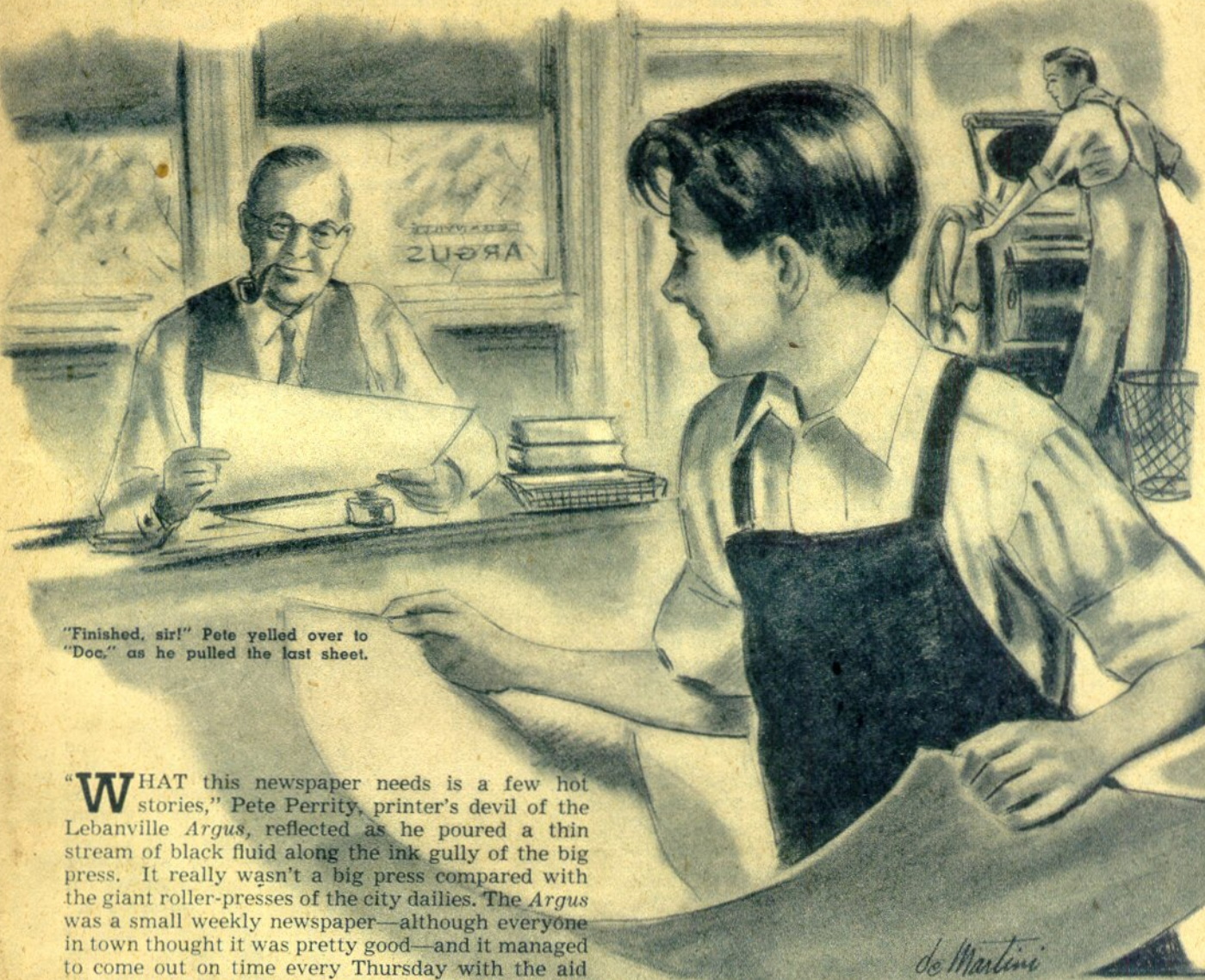
In picking up each envelope, press the sides between your thumb and fingers. Transfer it to your other hand and press the ends as you hold it to your forehead. The red card will not give at all; the yellow will allow a slight squeeze from top to bottom; the green will squeeze from the sides; and the blue in both directions! Memorize the colors carefully before you attempt this one!



# Nothing ever Happens

More than anything, Pete Perrity wanted to be a reporter. His chance came sooner than he expected

By LAWRENCE GOLDSMITH



"Finished, sir!" Pete yelled over to "Doc." as he pulled the last sheet.

**W**HAT this newspaper needs is a few hot stories," Pete Perrity, printer's devil of the Lebanville *Argus*, reflected as he poured a thin stream of black fluid along the ink gully of the big press. It really wasn't a big press compared with the giant roller-presses of the city dailies. The *Argus* was a small weekly newspaper—although everyone in town thought it was pretty good—and it managed to come out on time every Thursday with the aid of its sixty-year-old flatbed press. Still, Pete thought it was quite a respectable heap of machinery for a fourteen-year-old boy to master.

Pete remembered those first afternoons, that fall when he would rush down to the office as soon as classes were over, brimming over with ambition to be the best printer's devil the *Argus* ever had. It seemed then that he was lucky if he could feed four sheets of paper in a row without having one of them crumple up with a loud crackle somewhere in the depths of the mysterious press. Then he would have

to crawl underneath and wipe off the smudges of ink on the rollers—and try again.

Nowadays Pete wondered why the old press had ever seemed so complicated. The sheets were large enough for four whole pages to be printed on them, but he fed them so easily now that he didn't have to think about them. He was busy with other thoughts.

"Nothing ever happens in Lebanville," he growled



to himself. "No murders, no floods, no sinister characters come here; nothing happens at all." Pete slapped the wobbly power belt in disgust.

"Watch the impression, Pete," came the sound of Ed Kalenko's voice. The combination printer-pressman had come over from his imposing stone in the far corner of the room to see how his printer's devil was getting along. "Someday," Ed predicted, "when you write those scoops you'll want folks to be able to read them. The biggest scoop in the world might as well not be written if the printing is too faint to read. Remember that."

"But—but how did you know that I wanted to become a reporter?" Pete was amazed. His new ambition was a secret, so he thought.

"I've kept my eyes opened, son," remarked the printer shrewdly. "You won't stay in the back shop long."

Before Pete could answer, Ed cut the conversation short. "Better get busy now if you want to go meet that brother of your's."

Yes, Jim was coming home again that every day. Jim was the older of the two Perrity boys, and Lebanville's pride. Not, as Pete acknowledged to himself, that Jim was quite as famous as "Commando" Kelly or "Butch" O'Hare. Still, he was the only one from their part of the State ever to win the Congressional Medal of Honor. Pete had felt mighty proud when Jim came home the first time and the two brothers walked together down Main Street to the square for the "Welcome Home Jim" meeting. And when Mr. Sampson, the head selectman, reached the part in his speech about the time Jim's tank unit was trapped on Leyte and fought it out for a week without giving up, Pete thought he would bust.

Jim was a master sergeant now. He had volunteered for the Army of Occupation and was coming home on furlough. Pete was going over to the airport to meet him during lunch hour, after the first four pages had been put to bed. They'd print the other four pages when he got back, and kindly old "Doc" Harper said that Lebanville wouldn't run away if the *Argus* was a few minutes late.

Pete liked his employer, even though "Doc" wasn't the screwy, carefree, excitable sort that Pete, when he was a kid, believed all newspapermen were like. "Doc" wasn't a real doctor either, but the nickname fit him like a glove. He was a slow, lumbering, methodical man with rays of smiling wrinkles surrounding his deep-set eyes and the shadow of printer's ink always on his pudgy hands.

"Doc" was going over the proofs of the annual Town Report while Betsy, the fourth member of the *Argus* staff, was stacking the sheets Pete had printed and taking them over to the automatic folding machine.

Pete could scarcely wait for the pile of white paper to disappear into the press. It seemed that it had never taken so long before. If he didn't finish soon, he would get to the airport too late to greet Jim, and then he would have to hurry back to the *Argus* without even seeing him until supper.

The pile finally did come to an end, as of course Pete knew it would.

"Finished, sir," he yelled over to "Doc," and waited to see if the editor remembered that this was the day he had promised Pete a long lunch hour.

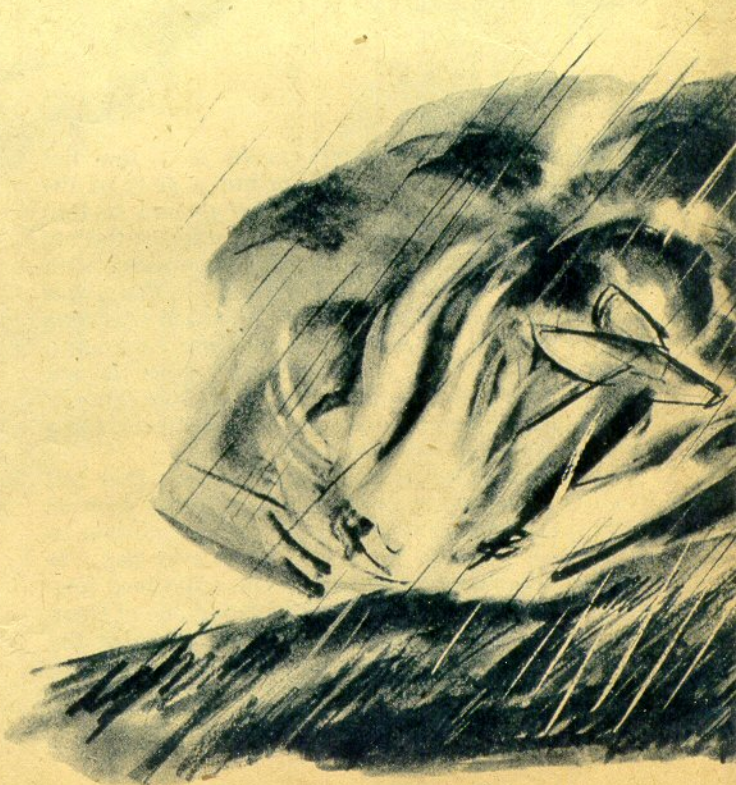
"Going over to the airport, Pete?" Pete nodded. "Mighty fine boy that brother of your's. Ask him to drop in and visit if he has time. And, Pete..."

Pete jumped backwards off the catwalk of the press and pivoted. "Don't forget to wear your galoshes. It's drizzling already and a storm is coming up." The kindly editor suffered from rheumatism, but in bad weather he worried about everyone except himself. Pete hurriedly soaped the grime off his hands in the sink next to the proof-press, pulled on his galoshes, grabbed his coat and hat from a nail, called a quick good-bye to his three fellow-workers, and ran out the door.

\* \* \*

He reached the airport ten minutes early. Beads of perspiration mingled with the drops of rain and dampened his freckled face and his crown of straw-colored hair. His heart pounded with excitement. It was disappointing to think that nothing would happen for ten full minutes. Yet he kept his eyes on the narrow runway, flanked on both sides by mountains, like a line drawn in the sand with a finger. Its far end was hardly visible in the heavy overcast. The runway was too narrow and the mountains too high for a decent airport, as "Doc" wrote in the *Argus* once. Besides, Pete knew that the power lines which ran across the far end

Then Pete lowered the man's head and started to rip off his oil-soaked, greasy clothing.





of the runway made landings doubly tricky, especially in thick weather like today's. The Post-War Committee of the Chamber of Commerce had been studying plans for a new airport, but here it was after the war and nothing done. Luckily, there had never been a serious accident.

"There's always a first time," Pete mused, unconsciously repeating the words Ed Kalenko used so often. His daydream was interrupted, however, by the hum of a distant plane. Pete's sharp ear recognized it as the sound of the Transamerican transport—right on time.

The plane, shadowy in the dense fog and rain, sailed into the mountain pass as neat as you please. You could see the misty whirl of its propellers now. Jim was almost here! Pete ran forward along the edge of the runway as the pilot banked for a landing.

Suddenly, like a wounded bird, the plane dipped. "An air pocket, that's what it is!" Pete instantly thought, "and what a . . ." The thought was broken off. A small but blinding flash filled the air where the plane had been. "S-z-z-z-z" went the sizzle of the broken power lines. Then a puff of white smoke, a thundering crash, and a huge column of thick black smoke and flames rising from the plane's nose. The transport, or what was left of it, lay blackened and blazing at the end of the runway.

Pete found himself sprinting toward the wreck faster than he had ever run before, completely oblivious to anything except a lump in his throat and

a desperate urge to get to that plane before everyone in it burned to death. He thought he saw three, four, perhaps five dark figures crawling out of the wreckage. There must be more inside. Pete made for the emergency door, hanging crazily from its twisted hinges. Inside he could hardly see, so dense were the smoke and fumes from the burning motors. Blinded, choking, he groped his way forward. His foot struck a soft mass. Crouching, he felt that it was warm and wet—a human body covered with blood. It did not stir. Pete dragged the body outside, almost fainting with the effort. The cool air revived him, however, and in the light of the blazing plane, now completely in flames, he examined the body.

Glaring white eyes protruded like headlights from its ghostly, smoke-stained face. Most of the rest of the body was red with blood, which was still gushing out from a gaping thigh wound. Pete heard a hoarse whisper. The "ghost" was alive! Then the eyes closed and the man lost consciousness again.

Nothing mattered now except bringing that "ghost" back to life. Quickly Pete applied first aid. He ripped off his necktie, testing its strength. Then





he twisted it into a tourniquet which he fastened around the pressure-point above the injury. Slowly the great flow of blood was staunched. Then Pete lowered the man's head and ripped off his blood-soaked, greasy clothing. For the first time he noted the master sergeant's stripes and the rows of ribbons. Pete now wiped his patient's face feverishly. The man had begun to breathe regularly again and now opened his eyes.

Could it be? Yes, it was! Jim! Jim! Pete choked back the tears.

"Hello, kid."

Pete looked into the familiar pair of grinning eyes. Weak from loss of blood, unable to stand or even to lift his head up, but the same old Jim.

"The surgeon here will do the rest, Pete." It was the airport superintendent, motioning toward a man with a black bag. "From the looks of this young man's first aid, he has saved a life," remarked the surgeon as he knelt over Jim.

"Anything out of the ordinary happen?" asked "Doc" Harper as his printer's devil bounded breathlessly into the *Argus* office.

"Nothing except that the Trans-american crashed, the power line's down, and my brother Jim is in the hospital! I had to pull him out of the burning plane!"

"Doc" calmly, efficiently reached

for the case of two-inch wooden headline type, untouched since V-J Day, while giving his orders.

"Betsy, start the linotype. Pete will tell you the story directly. Go to it, Pete. A good reporter tells all the facts, even when he has saved his brother's life. Ed, clear that Women's Auxiliary Meeting story from the front page. The women will have something else to talk about..."

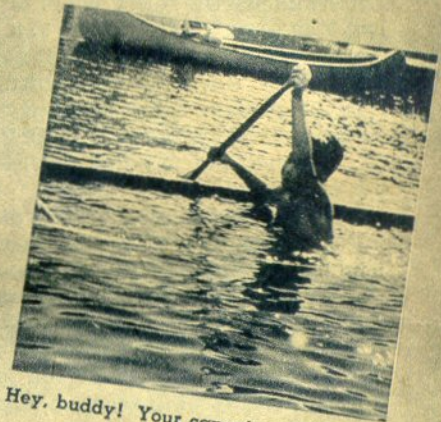
"Doc" was interrupted by knocking at the door. People wanted to hear all about it. They wanted to shake Pete's hand. "Doc" asked them politely but firmly to come back later and locked the door.

Then the telephone jingled insistently. This time the steady old editor's voice finally lost its placid tone. "The Associated Press? ... You want to interview the boy who pulled Jim Perrity out of the Transamerican? ... Sure he's here ... His name is Pete Perrity ... Yes, that's right ... You can interview Pete just as soon as the paper is out ... And, by the way, when you write your story about the newspaper 'in the sticks' that scored a national scoop, please spell it right: *A r g u s*."

"What this newspaper really needs," Pete decided, trembling with excitement as he guided the last sheets into the press, "is a little peace and quiet."



Camping works up mighty appetites!



Hey, buddy! Your canoe's sprung a leak.



You gotta get up in the morning!



Splat! It's a solid base hit!



# ALL ABOARD THE CAMP TRAIN

By SANDY SERGEANT

The train for camp will be leaving any day now, so here's a last minute round-up of clothes you'll want to have in your trunk



Left: Terry, on the fence, is wearing a smooth CoBerKnit cotton poplin shirt and shorts. The shirt and shorts are available at about \$3.50 each.

Below: Rain doesn't bother "Shorty" in his KORO-SEAL raincoat and hat by CLIMATIC RAINWEAR CO., at \$9.50 a set. Bob, on the right is just as weatherproof in a STANDARD OILED CLOTHING CO. yellow slicker, about \$4.00, and hat \$1.00.



A: COLT's moccasins cost about \$6.00

B: KBS SKYRIDER saddle shoes, about \$5.00.

C and D: FULTON's leather scuffs, about \$2.50, and luggage leather sandals about \$4.50, both at SAKS 5th Avenue.

To find a store near you carrying these items, see page 35, or write SANDY SERGEANT, CALLING ALL BOYS, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., N. Y. 17.





TORONTO DAILY STAR  
 Chicago Daily News  
 The Dallas Morning News  
 The Philadelphia Inquirer  
 The New York Times  
 St. Louis Globe-Democrat  
 San Francisco Chronicle  
**BOYS who made NEWS**  
 makes a Record

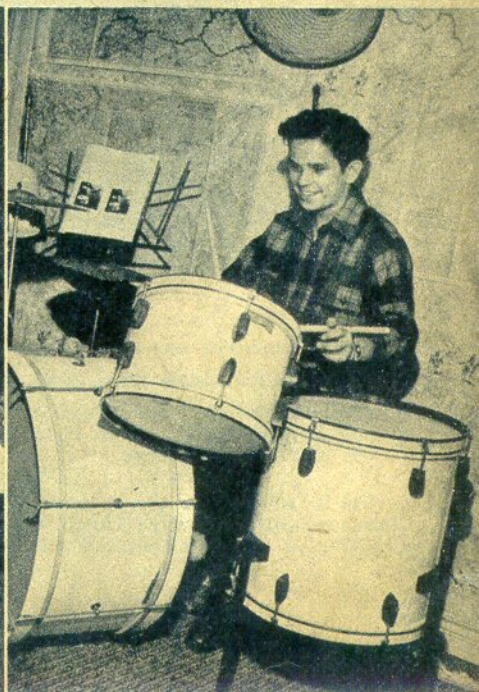
Right, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, movie comedians, play host to several members of the Phoenix Police Department's "Junior Police." The boys won their Hollywood jaunt for outscoring 1100 other boys in performance of traffic control duty.



Left, Don Palladino, of Buffalo, N. Y. was only 14 years old when he broke into the bigtime as the youngest trumpet player with a name-band. Don, who is sixteen now, recently opened at the Flagler Gardens in Miami with Johnny Long's orchestra, at a reported three-figure salary.

Below left, Father Flanagan had a tough time selecting the forty top singers in the Boys' Town choir of one hundred, to make a concert tour of the United States, Ireland, and England. The lucky boys who were chosen will sing in New York's famous Carnegie Hall on November 1.

Below right, Tommy Cook, radio's Alexander Bumstead on the CBS "Blondie" program, has just finished a movie role in "Song of Arizona." A powerful backhand drive has brought Tommy the Pasadena Boys' Tennis Championship and he likes to beat out a mean riff on the skins.





# They were



# my friends



In February, 1946, as part of American Brotherhood Week, the National Conference of Christians and Jews sponsored a nationwide essay contest for high school students. The subject for all compositions was: "THE BEST EXAMPLE OF TEAMWORK I KNOW..." The winner, Noble Oyanagi, an American boy of Japanese descent, had been sent to a relocation camp during the war. Here is his story:

**Y**OUR best friends are the ones who "do not desert the ship" whenever you are in a serious predicament. This statement was proven true to me one sunny Monday afternoon in May of 1942. As far as I was concerned, it was the most gloomy, dismal day I ever experienced in my brief life. It was the day I was to part with my friends and companions whom I played with, fought with, gone to school with all my childhood years. This memorable, unhappy incident came about due to a government order on the evacuation of the Pacific coast area of all persons of Japanese extraction.

As we worked in our home until train time preparing to leave, in popped one of our dearest friends—Callahan by name, an Irishman if there ever was one, and incidentally the scoutmaster of our troop. He took time off from his work just to take us down to the depot in his car. His advice and counseling have helped me out of many perplexing problems.

When we arrived at the depot, I had another surprise when I met all my buddies there. They all had played hookey from school just to see me off. There was Joe Mineth, an Italian, and Gus Mariopolus, a chum of Greek descent, who insisted on carrying our baggage down to the train concourse. Just then another chum plunked a pile of comic books into my hand "Just in case you find time to read on the trip." Trivial as these incidents may seem to be, I can remember them just as though they happened yesterday.

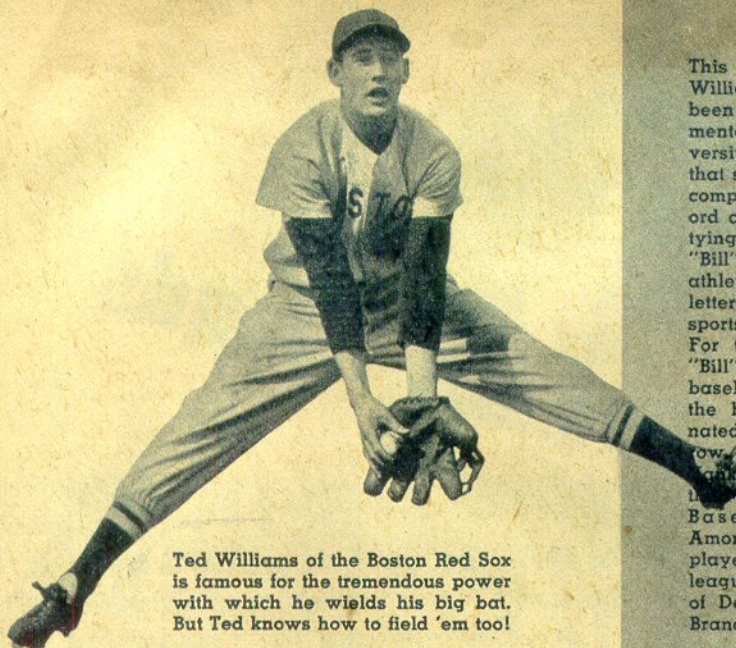
Time came to board the train, and we were flanked on both sides by cold-eyed, armed MP's as they herded us aboard; quite a contrast to the heart-warming gestures of friends. To them it was just a matter of fulfilling duty.

As I looked out the window, I let my eyes roam over the crowd to have my last look at my friends. Among them were chums of every nationality—Eric Liljas, a blond Swede, Bobby Feldman, a Jewish

pal, the entire Wing family, who, although their homeland was ravished by the Japanese, had no harsh feelings toward us. There was also one of my school teachers who wanted to help us so badly that later she sacrificed her vacation during the summer to come down to our relocation center just to teach during the summer sessions. Incidentally, she also happened to be the teacher of my friends who came to see me but, understandingly, she pretended not to see them as they were all more or less playing hookey for the same cause. No others were more broadminded and understanding than all these friends. All of them had showered gifts upon us and helped us ease the burden of evacuation in every possible way. It was truly teamwork in action that I witnessed that day.

The train finally pulled out, and it was a little more than "dust in their eyes" that made them pull out their handkerchiefs. Suddenly I realized I was doing the same.





Ted Williams of the Boston Red Sox is famous for the tremendous power with which he wields his big bat. But Ted knows how to field 'em too!

This month's guest Coach, William McCarthy, has been varsity baseball mentor at New York University since 1922. During that stretch his teams have compiled the enviable record of winning 279 games, tying 5, and losing 149. "Bill" was an outstanding athlete at college, and won letters in all four major sports at Lehigh University. For the past three years "Bill" McCarthy's NYU baseball teams have won the big silver trophy donated by Edward G. Barrow, president of the N. Y. Yankees, for the winner of the Metropolitan Collegiate Baseball Conference. Among the NYU baseball players developed by Coach McCarthy who have hit the major leagues are: George "Kiddo" Davis of the N. Y. Giants, Ken Strong of Detroit, Alex Campanis of the Brooklyn Dodgers, and Ralph Branca, also of the Dodgers.



# COACH'S CORNER

**T**WENTY-FIVE years of college and high school baseball coaching have convinced me that there is no substitute for solid fundamentals in playing top-notch baseball.

Those fundamentals are hitting, fielding and throwing, with a great deal of stress on throwing! If you want to make the first team you must learn to throw accurately at all times, assume a position of ease while hitting, and field properly every ball that is hit into your territory.

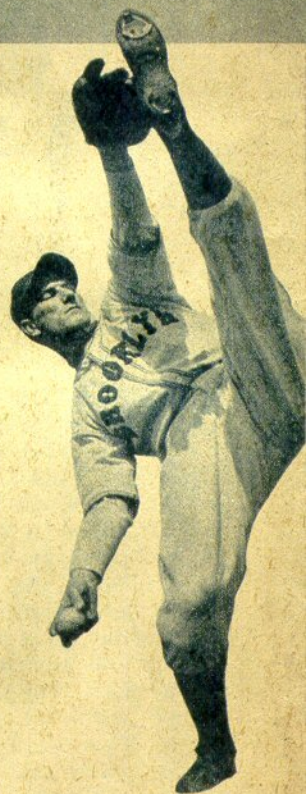
Baseball is a highly skillful game which requires good coordination of mind and muscles, alertness, speed and a willingness to win. Alertness is the most important single quality of a good baseball player and requires fine mental and physical condition. The action changes so fast in baseball that often a quick recovery from a drastic error may mean the deciding play in a game.

If you boys will observe major league players who have perfected the art of baseball, you will notice that in their fielding practice they rarely make a careless throw. They are always set in position to throw and the ball is thrown head high as it is passed around the the diamond from player to player. No matter how difficult the execution of a

play, at all times the players shift quickly into good throwing positions, to make accurate tosses.

It is difficult to define a good throwing position, but largely it is a matter of stepping directly at your target. For instance, the shortstop fielding a ball while running to his left cannot step towards second base and throw accurately at first base. Instead he should shift his position so that his step carries him directly to first base. You will notice that a great many second basemen use a side-arm throw in fielding balls to first base. A side-arm throw should always be used in the execution of double plays, when throwing back to the shortstop who is covering second base on the pivot of a double play. On an ordinary put-out, the shortstop normally would use an overhand throw because of the distance from his position to first base. However, in the execution of double plays, the shortstop is usually called upon to use a very high side-arm throw, to the second baseman, who can handle it easily while running to the bag.

Two years ago when Sam Mele, recently discharged from the Marine Corps, and now with the Boston Red Sox, first came out for the New York



Above: Rearing back for his high, fast one is Wally Signer, Brooklyn Dodger hurler. Wally began his baseball career at NYU.

Right: Follow through, and snap is important in sending the ball winging on a long flight to the outfield. Joe DiMaggio demonstrates.

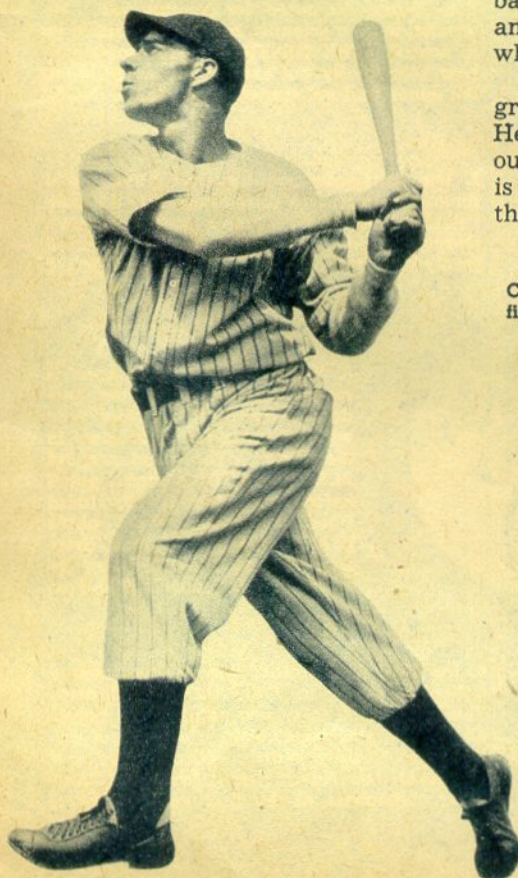


**Coach McCarthy** emphasized throwing accuracy to Sam Mele, now with the Red Sox.



**Here's the baseball recipe that carried three successive NYU teams to top honors in a tough college league**

**By WILLIAM V. McCARTHY**



University baseball team, he played left field. Mele had a very strong and accurate throwing arm. In his second year it became necessary for us to find a second baseman. Sam, because of his excellent arm and his easily relaxed position on the defense, filled the job perfectly. He was a master of detail, attempting to do everything accurately at all times and he rarely made a bad throw. One of the things that is likely to bring Sam into the Red Sox line-up is his throwing as well as his strong hitting.

On the subject of hitting, I would like to mention Sam again because he has copied a style so recently popularized by Joe Di Maggio. One of the most prevalent faults of poor hitters is that of using too long a step in hitting at the ball. DiMaggio uses a spread stance, and a powerful swing mostly effected by his hands and wrists, but he does not step at all. This means that he must pivot and shift his weight with the bat, when it is swung from right to left.

My suggestion to young hitters is that they assume a position of ease at the plate, swing the bat with their hands and wrists and *keep the head perfectly still* while contacting the ball.

Ted Williams is probably the greatest hitter in baseball today. He uses a very light-weight 33 ounce bat, 33 inches in length. He is constantly swinging the bat so that he is strengthening his

hands and wrists. Many young boys feel that a heavy bat is essential to good hitting, but it is really the speed of the bat applied by the hands and wrists at the time of contacting the ball that gives the long hitters what is known as power.

There is no substitute for practice in fielding, another "must" fundamental. Nimble hands are an essential, but the fielder's position is largely up to himself. Many boys field the ball by putting one foot back of the other, but it is largely again a position of ease and watching the ball until it is actually in the glove. The third baseman, for instance, usually handles hard hit balls and in this position he uses his glove-hand a great deal. A short-stop with two nimble hands is most desirable. At second base, a player with speed and concentration is preferred. At first base, a player uses his glove-hand almost entirely in the modern playing of the game. The first baseman's mitt is now so constructed that it is to be used pretty much single-handed.

My final advice to young players is to keep trying and never lose sight of the fact that time alone and actual competition will help make them real ball players!

Watch for next month's Coach's Corner! Vinnie Richards, who was Bill Tilden's doubles partner at fifteen, five times a National tennis champ, once Olympic winner, will give you the lowdown on what it takes to play "Winning Tennis."

Coach McCarthy (with bat) talks to some of the candidates, who turned out for the first New York University practice of the season. The boys look rarin' to go!



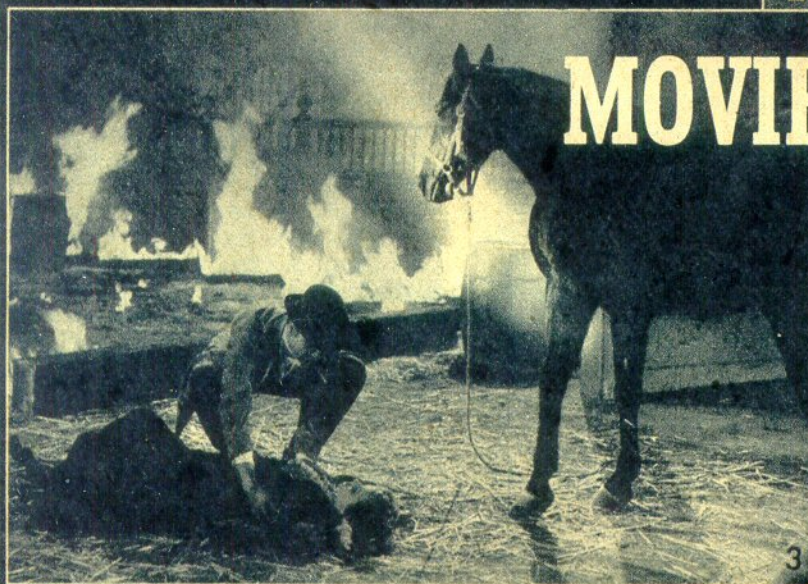




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2



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## MOVIES you'll like

1. Working 18 hours a day in a coal mine is no picnic, so it's no wonder that young miner Tom Drake hankered for another job. He wanted to be a scientist, but first he had to go to school. **THE GREEN YEARS** shows you how Tom finally got enough money to leave the mines and get started in medicine. (MGM)

2. The patty-cake pair are June Allyson and Jimmy Durante, two stars from **TWO SISTERS FROM BOSTON**. June's sister, Kathryn Grayson, sings at Jimmy's cafe. Big-hearted Jimmy later gets her a job at the Opera! (MGM)

3. Whenever a famous book is made into a movie, the producers try to find actors who will resemble the characters in the story. The producers of **BLACK BEAUTY** hunted 3 years before they found Highland Dale, the stallion who plays **BLACK BEAUTY**. Mona Freeman rescues **BEAUTY** in an exciting fire sequence. (20th-Fox)



4



4. Joe Kirkwood (inset), son of the famous golfer, plays Joe in **JOE PALOOKA**, Champ. This is the first in a new sport series based on the popular comic strip. Leon Errol appears as Knobby Walsh. Also starred are Joe Louis, Lou Nova, Henry Armstrong, and other champions of the ring world. (Mono.)



"I like girls but I feel terribly uncomfortable in their presence. I'm not backward with the fellows, but with a girl, I just don't seem to know what to say. I'm sure they notice it and then I get more fussed than ever. How do you carry on a conversation with a girl on a date?"

# LET'S TALK IT OVER

By STEPHEN R. STRONG

Robert B., 15, Michigan

Isn't it amazing how that special girl who starts an extra beat in your heart seems to put a blackout on your conversation when you're with her.

You could hardly believe it when she said, "Why yes, I'd love to go with you." Now you are thrilled and excited but also a little worried because tomorrow is the big night. She'll be right there beside you and it'll be up to you to start the conversation and keep it going. Gulp, Gulp.

Well, stop worrying! Developing interesting conversation is really an adventure. Until you know a person well, it is a little like fishing. You keep tossing out one lead after another until it wins a "strike." The good fisherman is always prepared with lots of bait and the good conversationalist is prepared with lots of leads.

Many fellows make some plans for the first part of their date, especially if it is their first date with the girl. They get their leads by thinking of her interests in school, her friends and hobbies, where they have been seeing her, and what's been happening in her neighborhood.

Topics in the school paper make good conversation. How is the team going? Who is her favorite band leader? What are the hits on her disc parade? Happenings in the town news, teen age activities, or past trips can always be leads for conversation.

Your conversation should be the kind that invites the other person to make a response. "What did

you think about . . . ?" "How did you happen to . . . ?" "Where do you expect . . . ?" "Who seemed to be . . . ?"

These are leads that call for answers and when she does speak, look at her and give her your undivided attention. Before you know it, you'll find the evening has whistled past and you've just got to get together for another date. It's been that interesting!

My mother loves to shop and finds it almost impossible to pass up a bargain. Since I am an only son, a lot of this bargain hunting ends up in clothes for me. Some of the things she buys are swell but I think some of them are terrible. Maybe I don't know bargains as well as my mother but I know what I like and what the other fellows are wearing. Shouldn't a fellow my age be allowed to buy his own clothes?"

Harry S., 16, Kansas

I think you have a fair question there, Harry. A fellow of your age should have the privilege of helping to select his own clothes and actually buying them as soon as he has proven that he has good judgment. When a boy is placed on a clothing budget, he often proves less of an expense for the family income, and learns an increasing sense of responsibility for the care of his clothes.

But it would not be wise for you to suddenly start to buy your own clothes without some help. You need a period of training. You may want to sit down with your parents and work out a clothing budget with them. And, in any case, you should appreciate their advice and help in selecting your clothes.

For an answer to that problem that's been bothering you, why don't you drop a note giving your name, address and age (they won't be printed) to STEPHEN R. STRONG, Calling All Boys, 52 Vanderbilt Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

## HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU

By KEN CROSBY

**W**HEN a blue ribbon horse is curried and brushed and braided—that's grooming!

But grooming isn't for horses only—or for sissies only. An M.P. will pick up a soldier whose blouse is minus one button. The veterans of the 82nd Airborne Division who paraded through New York recently wore jump boots with such a high polish they reflected like mirrors.

Grooming doesn't necessarily mean fancy business. It's just a set of habits that make you look

turned out in one smooth piece, instead of like something that happened at the bottom of a grab bag.

The effect of a brisk shower and a workout with military brushes on your hair is lost if you step into socks full of holes, trousers that look as though you slept in them, a shirt grimy at the collars and cuffs, and a tie that bears witness to every meal you've eaten for a week.

Try giving your clothes the same care you treat your sports equipment to. After all, your clothes are just as much yours as your tennis racket or your baseball bat. If you hang up suits where they can air after you take them off, they'll be in that much better shape for the next wearing.

Spots come out more easily if you tackle them immediately. A stiff clothes brush will banish dust and dandruff in a regular two-minute work-out.

One thorough shoe shine lasts twice as long if it gets daily encouragement with a shoe brush. And while you're at your brushing, make sure your laces are in one piece and not knotted together in three places. Button holes without buttons look forlorn. There's no trick to sewing on a button. As a matter of fact, if you reinforce them before they get to the point of parting company with you, you'll save yourself the frantic hunt for a button that matches!

Well, how do you look? Like blue ribbon material or like an also ran? It's up to you!



# Power Dive

Tom had never flown anything hotter than an old Stinson! But now he was going to test a plane that had already killed two men

By BOB KELL

**J**ACK Kent swung one leg over the edge of the desk and looked at his old pal.

"Tom," he said, "you're crazy even to think of it. You can't fly a hot plane like that. It's a heck of a lot different from an old Stinson. You're just heading for a sure funeral."

Tom Regan looked out the window at the runway and nodded wearily.

"I know, I know," he said impatiently. "That's all everyone has been telling me. The government won't even sanction the test. Even so, I'm going through with it."

"But why? Why throw your life away for no reason?"

Tom got up and walked to the window. "C'mere," he said. He pointed out the window at the bullet-nosed airplane parked just outside the hangar.

"See that?" he said. "That's the fastest and yet one of the most maneuverable planes in the world. It's so far ahead of anything else that flies, there's just no comparison. That plane is the only one I know of that can keep the United States out in front in airplane development. So far, it's been a complete failure and I've got to prove it isn't really."

"But Tom, how can you prove anything when the government won't even sanction a test? They've given up on it, you know that."

"Yes, officially they've given up, but I've still got a chance. The government inspector is waiting out there right now. On his own hook, of course.

26



But if everything goes okay on the test today, he promised he'd recommend an official re-check. This is my last chance."

"Darn small chance, I'd say. Look, Tom, that model has already killed off two experienced test pilots. Those guys were familiar with these jet jobs; they had plenty of practice handling hot ships. You've never flown anything hotter than that old Stinson you've got out there. It's just plain, outright suicide to even try it."

Tom Regan moved away from the window, sat on the edge of the desk, and drummed his fingers.





Jack put his full weight behind a right that sent Tom hurtling over the desk.

"Jack," he said, "I wouldn't try it if I didn't figure I had a pretty good chance. Don't forget, I designed that plane. I built it. As a matter of fact, this is the third one I built. I know that plane backwards and forwards. It's fast, yes, but it's simple to fly. I think I can do it."

"If it's so simple, what happened the other times?"

"That's something I don't know. They both cracked up the same way—went into a power dive and never pulled out. Believe me, I've thought plenty about it. I've gone over those designs a

thousand times. I'm convinced the plane is sound. I'm convinced enough so that I've shot my whole wad building this third model. If this one doesn't pan out, I'm flat busted."

"I'd stake my life on your being right, but I wouldn't stake a nickel on your chances. It takes a lot of experience to handle a plane as hot as that." Jack came to attention in front of Tom.

"Your new volunteer," he said. "Name, Jack Kent. Experience, a shade over three thousand hours in P-38's, 47's, 51's, etc. When do I start?"

Tom grinned. "Uh-uh," he said, "you don't.





The ship was shuddering now, the air whipping past the wings at a terrific speed.

Jack dropped his parachute on the wing, looked up at the man.

"I'm making the test," he said. "Is she all set?"

The mechanic climbed out of the cockpit, wiping the grease off his hands.

"She's all set," he said, "but you ain't flying it. I got strict orders—"

"They've been changed," Jack broke in. "Get this: I'm flying this crate, and right now."

The man backed up a step.

"Okay, wise guy," he sneered. "Take 'er away. It ain't my funeral."

Jack looked at him sharply.

"You don't seem to have much confidence in this plane, considering that you helped build it."

The man grinned.

"Don't worry," he said. "I've got plenty of confidence in what this plane will do. Plenty . . ." He turned and walked back toward the hangar. Jack watched him go; then shrugged and walked around the plane, inspecting it thoroughly.

Satisfied, he climbed up on the wing, tossed the parachute in the cockpit, and climbed in. He cracked the throttle and turned on the switch. The jet engine whirled into life with a sharp hiss. He released the brakes and taxied slowly out to the end of the runway.

Jack stopped as he reached the runway. Opening the throttle, he ran up the jet engine and checked the instruments. Everything checked perfectly. He worked all the controls back and forth to be sure they operated smoothly and easily. Then he turned the plane so the bullet-like nose pointed straight down the runway.

He looked back toward the hangar just in time to see Tom run out of the office. Raising his hand in a wave, he pulled the plexiglas canopy shut over his head, and opened the throttle. The hiss of the jet engine turned into a roar, and the plane began to move slowly down the runway.

Quickly, it picked up speed and left the ground. Jack pulled the lever to retract the landing gear and pointed the nose toward the blue sky.

With the throttle less than half open, Jack executed a few simple turns and banks. The plane responded to his easy touch like a huge trained bird. He began to get the feel of the plane. Tom had not been exaggerating its power.

Several miles from the field, he turned in a sharp bank, and pushing the throttle forward, headed back.

Almost before he knew it, he was winging over the field at terrific speed. If the government inspector had sharp enough eyes, he certainly was getting an eyeful!

Jack eased back on the throttle several miles past the field and made a wide turn. Then he pushed the throttle forward as he headed back, and watched the indicated air speed creep up to the six-hundred mark while the throttle was still not much more than half open. The standard, six-hundred-mile-an-hour instrument was not much good for a winged-comet like this!

He came in over the field low, about two hundred feet, and suddenly whipped the stick back against

There's no doubt you could handle it better than I could, even with your eyes closed, but it's no deal. That plane has already killed off two crack pilots, and they both were good friends of mine. I'm not taking a chance on that happening again."

Jack walked to the window and stared out unseeingly. He walked back and stood directly in front of Tom.

"Tom," he asked, "you're positive the design is sound? There's no flaw in it?"

Tom nodded.

"And you're determined that you're going to give her a test?"

Tom nodded again.

"Okay," Jack said, and held out his hand. As Tom reached out to shake hands, Jack suddenly brought a sharp right up to Tom's chin, stepping forward to get his full weight behind the blow. Tom went over the desk backwards and landed in a heap on the floor. Jack stood a moment above his prostrated form.

"I'm sorry, Tom," he said, "but I had to do it." He picked up a parachute and walked out the door.

A greasy faced mechanic stuck his head out of the cockpit as Jack neared the plane.

"Whaddyuh want?" he grunted, suspiciously.



his stomach. The nose pointed straight up and the pressure almost blacked him out.

He held the nose straight up and shoved the throttle full forward. Like an anti-aircraft shell, the plane shot up into the sky. He leveled off at fifteen thousand feet seconds later, circled to get directly over the field, and nosed the ship over in a power dive.

The field looked like a postage stamp, far below. The airspeed needle began to revolve, hit the six-hundred mark and rested against the stop. The howl of the wind gradually increased until it was a high pitched whine.

"Lord knows how fast I really am going," thought Jack. He put both hands on the stick, preparing to pull out. His senses began to feel numbed by the sudden change in altitude. He pulled back on the stick—it refused to budge. He put his back into it and yanked with all his might. The stick refused to move—it was jammed tight!

The size of the field was growing fast. The ship was shuddering now, the air whipping past the knife-like wings at a terrific speed. Jack had a feeling that it had all happened before; then he knew it had—to the two men who had rode the ship down in this same agony during the other tests.

His mind seemed to be revolving as fast as the altimeter. Pictures flashed before him. He could almost see what the expression on Tom's face must be. Then another picture—the grimy mechanic... His grinning words—"plenty of confidence in what she'll do... Plenty..."

Jack fought to clear his mind. He knew what the answer was now, but no one else would if he didn't manage to pull out of the dive somehow... He fought to get his arm back to the crank... If it wasn't too late...

His hand found the crank that operated the trim tab. Desperately, he twisted it. The small tabs on the elevator were to align the ship in normal flight, moving the nose slightly up or down, but at this speed their small surfaces should have a tremendous effect.

He felt the pressure as the nose began to pull forward slightly, forcing him back into the seat. He twisted the tab until it would go no further. The ground was coming up fast!

He grabbed the stick and pulled. Something gave, and the stick moved back. He shouted at the top of his voice, trying to stay conscious. He could feel blood dripping from his nose. The onrushing earth was a blur before his face as he felt himself crushed back into the seat. Then darkness swamped over him in a splash...

Jack shook his head to clear his brain as consciousness returned. The

plane was in a steep climb. He levelled off, adjusted the trim tab back to normal, and looked around. The airport was barely in sight in the distance. He banked slowly and came round into the wind for a landing.

A crowd of men, led by Tom and a little fat man with a notebook, came rushing up as he taxied into the parking area and cut the switch. Tom hopped up on the wing and helped him struggle out of the cockpit.

"Wow!" cried Tom. "You took ten years off my life that time. We thought sure you were a goner! What happened?"

Jack grinned, white faced from the strain.

"I've got an idea about that," he said. "Where's that mechanic that was hanging around when I went up?"

"I saw him jump in his car and head for town a little while ago," one of the men volunteered. "Just after you pulled out of that dive."

"It's a good thing for him he got out of here—if I'm right in what I'm thinking," Jack said, grimly. "Check the cables on the elevator."

They gathered around while a mechanic removed inspection plates and traced the elevator cables through the fuselage. Suddenly, the mechanic gave a gasp, reached in through an inspection plate, and lifted out a wedge shaped piece of metal.

"I'll be darned," he said. "It was settin' right in behind a pulley."

"That's just what I thought," Jack said. "There was no trouble with the controls until I went into that dive. I figured it was something that slid into place when the nose went down. After I pulled out of the dive with the trim tabs, the wedge slipped back away from the pulley again." He turned to Tom.

"Now," he said, "you know what happened to the other test planes—and their pilots."

"I'm going after him," Tom said, livid with rage, "and when I catch him—"

"Just a minute," the little fat man interrupted. "Suppose you let me handle him. I'll put a telephone call through to town and have some men waiting for him. From your description, I believe he was working for a rival plane company! I don't think the FBI is going to like the part he played in this

business. And as soon as I finish getting after him, I'm going to recommend that another test be held on your airplane." He hurried off toward the office to make the telephone call.

Jack sat on the edge of the wing and looked at Tom.

"Looks as if you're all set," he said, "but don't forget, I'm flying that test-hop when the time comes."

Tom rubbed his swollen jaw, "I won't try to stop you," he grinned.



"We're playing white man."

CALLING ALL BOYS



# QUIZZING all BOYS

This quiz will be a mental bracer even if you don't know all the answers! A score of 60 is good, and 80 or more is excellent

Solution on page 55

1. In peace time, the Olympic meets were held every four, five, six or eight years. For 10 points mark the right number.
2. Mark the following dogs as Seeing Eye, hunters, watchdogs and lapdogs: (a) Retrievers; (b) Pekinese; (c) Collies; (d) German Shepherds. Two and one-half points for each correct answer. 10 in all.
3. Trees are male and female. True or False? 10 points.

4. Can you pair these Greek heroes with their famous deeds? Jason, Hercules, Ulysses and Theseus.  
(a) He slew a monster in the Labyrinth  
(b) He found the Golden Fleece  
(c) He swept the Augean stables  
(d) He blinded the Cyclops  
Two and one-half points each, 10 in all.
5. Two great strides in medicine, were anesthesia (deadening of pain so operations could be performed) and penicillin. Which countries are credited with these advances? Russia, England, United States, Italy, France? 5 points for each answer, 10 in all.
6. Pair these ologies with the proper definitions given alongside them:

- (a) Penology; study of handwriting
  - (b) Graphology; study of the stars
  - (c) Physiology; study of crime
  - (d) Astrology; study of the body
- Two and one-half points for each pairing, 10 in all.

7. The Philippines were named after King Philip. Was he king of France, Italy, Spain or Holland? 10 points.

8. You should be able to pair these mountain ranges with their proper geographic locations:

- (a) The Urals South America
  - (b) The Andes North Africa
  - (c) The Himalayas Russia
  - (d) The Atlas India and Tibet
- Two and one-half points each, 10 in all.

9. Two small British isles are famous for certain animals. Shetland produces —; Isle of Man produces —.  
5 points for each, 10 in all.

10. Some of our calendar months are named after great Greeks, Romans, Hebrews, Englishmen. Which? 10 points.



The V-2 rocket, the German terror weapon, is serving as the springboard for Army research into the Jules Verne future of the rocket. At White Sands, New Mexico, the first of twenty-five captured German rockets was fired 100 miles into the atmosphere on May 8. Scientists are still examining the data gathered by sensitive radio instruments, lodged in the warhead of the rocket, which indicated, among other items, that the rocket reached a maximum speed of 3500 miles per hour!



So powerful is the newly improved super-electron microscope that if a toothbrush bristle were placed under its beam it would be enlarged to a four foot width!

Bubbles, bubbles! This device will be used in a novel advertising sign to send hundreds of huge ten inch soap bubbles soaring over Times Square in New York.



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Have you tried the Navy's favorite swimming aids—rubber swim fins? Fellows are using them everywhere

# Swim

# Fins

By SANDY SERGEANT

You'll get a real kick out of these frog-like rubber swim fins! The Navy used them on demolition jobs, and they'll help give you that extra speed and distance you want. \$9.45 at Abercrombie & Fitch. "Flash" is also wearing colorful CATALINA printed swim trunks of yellow rayon, with bucking bronchos on 'em. \$6.00 at B. Altman's, N. Y.

For swimming with your face under the water, try this mask with an attached plastic tube to let in air and keep out water. \$4.00 at Abercrombie & Fitch. The native print swim trunks by GANTNER & MATTERN are \$3.95 in navy or brown, at the stores listed on page 35.





# GOOD NEIGHBOR

Saludos Amigos! There's a South American trend these days in lots of things, from rumbas and sambas to hot Latin food and colorful sportswear. More and more students from South of the Border are coming north on exchange scholarships, and more and more families from the United

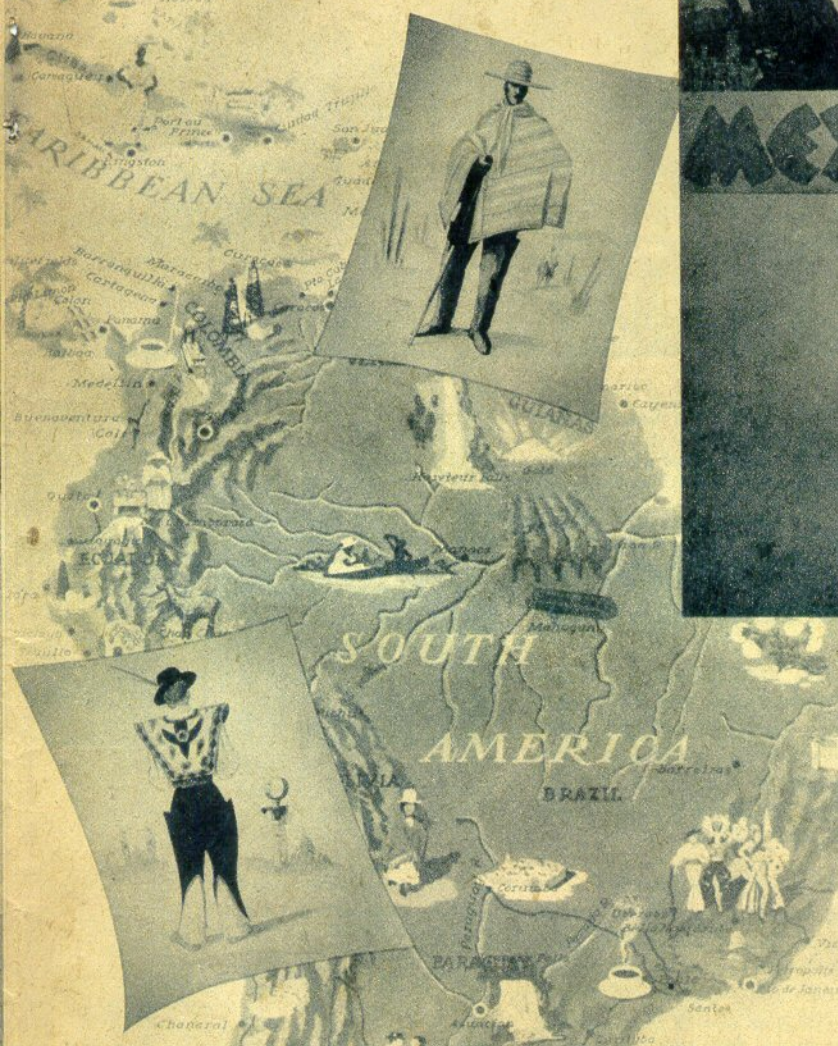
States are going South on Clipper vacations. That's why you'll soon be seeing the sort of lively designs and styles on these pages everywhere. So take a tip from El Senor Latino Americano, and brighten up!





# POLICY

By SANDY SERGEANT



Left: McGREGOR makes the AMERITEX twill swim trunks, with lighter weight shirts to match. The shirt is \$3.75, the boxer shorts \$3.50, in Hawaiian and many other prints. Here's a list of stores around the country that carry these outfits:

- Arnold Constable, New York, N. Y.
- Kennedy's, Boston, Mass.
- Kaufmann's, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- Shillito's, Cincinnati, O.
- The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal.
- The Hub, Chicago, Ill.
- Gimbel Brothers, Philadelphia & Milwaukee
- The Emporium, San Francisco, Cal.
- Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis, Mo.
- M. L. Rothschild's, Minneapolis & St. Paul, Minn.
- Joske's, San Antonio, Tex.
- Rutland's, Orlando, Fla.
- Rich's, Atlanta, Ga.



In Mexico they wear a poncho which slips over the head. Here we have the ROGUE, a buttonless pullover shirt. The cotton print above is a Cactus-Poppy pattern, available in brown, tan, navy or white. It sells for \$3.95 at the following stores:

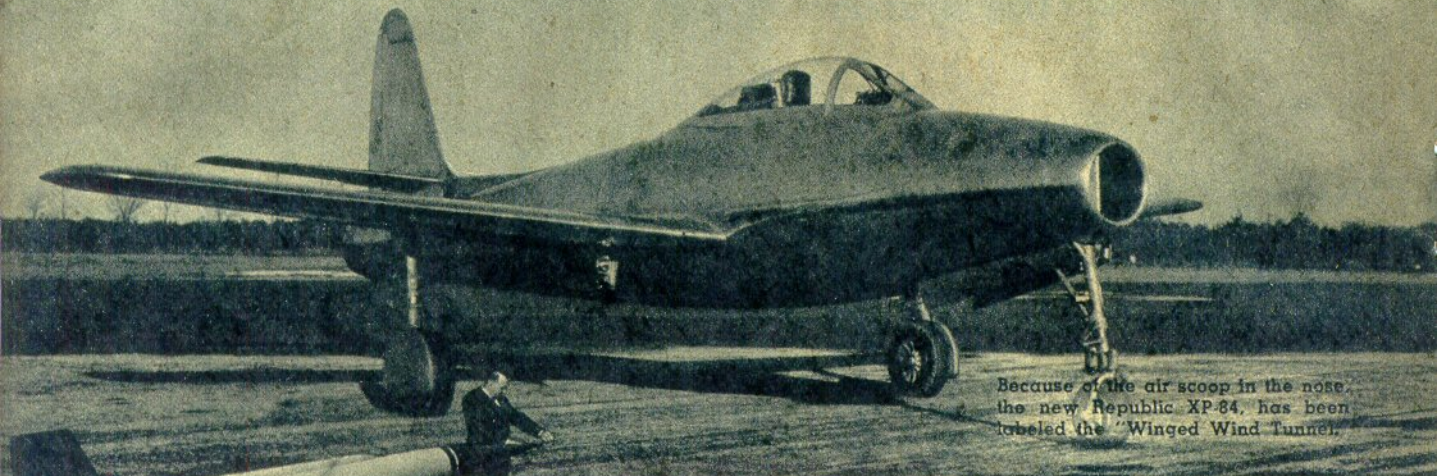
- Gimbel Brothers Stores
- Wm. H. Block Co., Indianapolis, Ind.
- Mandel Brothers, Chicago, Ill.
- Bullock's, Los Angeles, Cal.
- F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus, O.



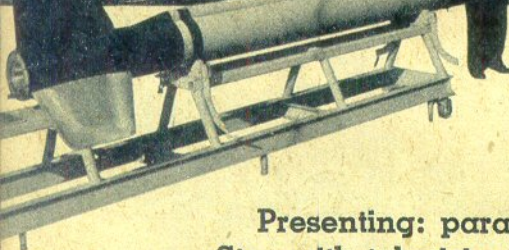


# What's New in the Air

By DAVID C. COOKE



Because of the air scoop in the nose, the new Republic XP-84, has been labeled the "Winged Wind Tunnel."



This needle-nosed rocket was the first American-made projectile ever to leave the earth's atmosphere and penetrate the ionosphere, forty six miles "straight up!"

## Presenting: parachute delivery; a Shooting Star with television; regular Tokyo air service

### Pilotless P-80

**U**nder ATSC orders, a Lockheed Shooting Star is being equipped with complete radio control before undergoing the most exhaustive speed tests ever undertaken. With such remote control, technicians will be able to open up the P-80 to its maximum speed without danger to a pilot. Radio control itself is no longer news, but the fitting of a television set in the test P-80, to watch the instrument panel, is definitely a revolutionary departure. The experiments will be undertaken at the Muroc Army Air Field, California, and phenomenal results are expected.

### First U. S. Airline Through Tokyo

Pan-American World Airways has inaugurated a series of weekly contract flights from the West Coast through Tokyo and on to Shanghai—the first American airlines ever to land in Japan on schedule flight. The Lockheed Constellations, used on the route make their first refueling stop at Adak,

Alaska, and then follow the Great Circle course right into the heart of Japan. This saves 2,900 miles on a round trip, compared with the mileage to China in prewar days when stops were made at Honolulu and Midway.

### "We Deliver—Anywhere"

During the war the AAF made great use of the parachute in landing paratroops and dropping supplies, and far-sighted planners foresaw the possibility of adapting this delivery system to commercial enterprise. The first concern to make such experiments was the Wallace Silversmiths, of Wallingford, Connecticut, when they recently dropped \$30,000 worth of silver table settings at sixteen cities scattered throughout the nation. It is now expected that within a reasonably short time air-delivery of goods will become commonplace. Most of the areas receiving this service will be rural, where it would be impractical to build airfields large enough to accommodate airliners.



Major W. A. "Wally" Lien, Republic test pilot for jet-propelled planes, stands beside the ex-mystery ship, the XP-84, which he was first to fly.

Climbing into the Army's new helicopter XR-9B, lightest and smoothest flying rotorcraft, is Lt. Col. K. Wilson, Chief of Wright Field rotary labs.





# PLATTER DATA

By RIFF DALEY

**D**ER BINGLE still stands supreme as the Dean of the Crooners, but Frank Sinatra and Perry Como are pressing him hard in the popularity polls. Perry is represented this month on RCA Victor by the lush ballad, "All Through the Day" from the 20th-Century Fox film, "Centennial Summer," and a soulful rendition of the old favorite, "Prisoner of Love," on the reverse.

If you laughed yourself silly over the Groaner and Bob Hope in "Road to Utopia," then you'll want the Decca album of tunes from the show. Bing joins with Hope on one selection and solos the remainder. A Sinatra album of old favorites for Columbia, ranging from "You Go to My Head" to "Paradise," is Frankie's choice this month, and a very good one, it is.

An up-and-coming young singer with a fresh style of delivery is Johnny Desmond. As a G.I. vocalist with

Glenn Miller's official Army Air Forces Band, Desmond won an international reputation. He now sings "In the Moon Mist" and "Do You Love Me?" a smooth pair of dulcet ballads, for RCA Victor. Before his return to civvies, Desmond was dubbed the G.I. Sinatra and became a favorite overseas with the soldiers as well as European teen-agers.

Strictly in the rug-cutting groove, there's plenty of dancing appeal in Paul Weston's Capitol disc, "Full Moon and Empty Arms," another hit ditty culled from the classics, this time Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto. The flipover is the light and pleasantly rhythmic new tune from the New York "Showboat" revival, "Nobody But Me."

A special treat for you folk song fans will be Burl Ives' new Decca album. Burl excels on such old-timers as "Erie Canal" and "Hullabaloo Belay!"

In the zany style of "Chickery Chick" comes the bouncy "One-Zy, Two-Zy," played by Kay Kyser on Columbia. It's a swing arrangement with "There's No One But You," a beautiful ballad, receiving an outstanding performance on the flipover. You'll really jump,

fellows, when you hear "J. D.'s Jump" as played by the one and only Jimmy Dorsey with his Jammers quintet. "Perdido," on the reverse, is a swing classic with plenty of Dorsey drive in the performance, and you'll want it for your collection.

## PHOTO CREDITS

- 18 Monkmeyer Photos
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- 31 Douglas Leigh
- 31 William Ward
- 34 Republic, USAAF

## SANDY SAYS:

The KOROSEAL raincoat and hat and the CoBerknit combination on page 19 may be found at the following stores:

Lord & Taylor, New York, N. Y.  
Marshall Field, Chicago, Ill.  
Hahne, Newark, N. J.  
Gimbel's, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
Frederick & Nelson, Seattle, Wash.  
A. Harris, Dallas, Tex.  
Famous Barr Co., St. Louis, Mo.  
The GANTNER & MATTERN swim shorts on page 31 are available at: Bloomingdale's, New York, N. Y.  
R. H. Stearns, Boston, Mass.  
Remick's, Quincy, Mass.  
Hutzel Bros., Baltimore, Md.  
J. Garfinckel, Washington, D. C.  
F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus O.

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## ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGE 30

1: Every four years. 2: Retrievers—hunters; Pekinese—lapdogs; Shepherds—Seeing Eyes; Collies—watchdogs. 3: True. 4: (a) Theseus; (b) Jason; (c) Hercules; (d) Ulysses. 5: England—penicillin; U.S.—anesthesia. 6: (a) crime; (b) handwriting; (c) body; (d) stars. 7: Spain. 8: (a) Russia; (b) South America; (c) India and Tibet; (d) North Africa. 9: Shetland ponies; Manx cats. 10: Romans (July for Julius Caesar, etc.).

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# *The Secret of* **BALDHEAD MOUNTAIN**

By CHARLES STRONG

## THE MYSTERY UP TO NOW:

SLIM WARNER and the two BAXTER BOYS, ROGER and BILL, have been trying to prove the innocence of DIEGO MONTEZ, Mexican waterboy, and his father, who were accused of sabotaging Mr. Baxter's tunnel through Baldhead Mountain. They are trapped in a shaft of the old Alice Mine, by

WILLIAMS, a local farmer, who has illegally been taking ore out of the mine. Williams, brother-in-law of the editor of the Paydirt Record,

JOHNSON, dynamites the tunnel, and Slim and the boys are forced to follow an underground stream to escape. Suddenly they reach a dead end!

NOW FINISH THE STORY



Roger's fingers were torn from the wheel and he shot backward, tumbling to the hard roadside.



**N**OW take it easy," Slim said quietly. "This water must get out of heresomewhat. We ought to be able to see a little whirlpool above the spot where it leaves . . . There it is," he added a moment later, moving forward.

When he was close to the wall he braced himself against it with one hand, and Roger knew he was exploring with his foot.

"Got it," he said finally. "It's a hole about three feet across. Well—"

He stopped and they were all quiet.

"Well," he began again, "the question is: if we dive in there, and swim under water, where do we come out—and how soon? The ceiling might lift within a couple of feet, and become the kind of passage we've been following. Or it might not lift for a mile. So suppose you two stay here and I'll investigate."

"I'm the smallest," Bill said quietly.

"And I'm the longest," Slim retorted. "Rog, you take the torch. I've still got the flashlight and there's a little juice left in her. If I can get my head above water

within a short distance—before my breath gives out—I'll flash this on and off a couple of times under

### Who was the ringleader behind the plan to block the Baldhead Tunnel? Here's the surprising answer

the surface. You should be able to see the glow. That'll be the signal for you to dive under and follow me. Okay?" They both nodded mutely.

"All right. Either I'll be back—or you'll follow." He grinned at them briefly, put the flashlight in his pocket, took a deep breath and dove.

Roger counted seconds, and knew Bill, like himself, was holding his breath as if that would somehow help Slim.

And then suddenly a dim glow appeared in the water before them, disappeared and returned again. Bill let out his breath with a great gasp.

"Thirty-five seconds," Roger said. "We can make it easy. You go next, Bill. I'll be right behind you."

A few seconds later Roger had dropped their last torch into the water, and then he too was sliding forward into the hidden opening. He kept close to the bottom, crawling rather than actually swimming, and the blood pounded in his head. And then he felt hands tugging at his hair, and his head was jerked above the surface.

"Good work," Slim said, pushing dripping hair back from his eyes. "If we can lick that, we can lick anything. Let's go. We'll feel our way along the wall, and just use the light at intervals. Ready?"

Single file and touching each other, they moved forward, and soon the wall curved to the right. Slim flashed his light around the corner, but before any of them could register what they had seen, it died out. Slim worked the catch fruitlessly several times.

"Well, that's that," he said. "From now on we use the touch system entirely. Grab my belt, Bill."

Roger gulped. It had happened. Their last light was gone. It seemed insane to flounder ahead forever, on and on and on into blackness.

"Maybe—" he began. And then he felt the air moving against his

face. *Moving.* A terrific excitement filled him, and for a moment he couldn't speak.

Bill jerked forward and Roger lurched after him.

"Wait," he managed then. "Stop. I feel a draft. The air's moving in here. We must be—"

Slim stopped abruptly. Bill bumped into him and Roger bumped into Bill.

"There is a draft," Slim said finally, slowly. "And a sound too. Like water falling over rocks. Come on."

He started forward again and a moment later they rounded another curve. And there, some twenty-five feet ahead of them, was a space that looked vividly bright against the darkness. It was stars that made it bright—stars shining quietly and brilliantly in the most beautiful sky Roger had ever seen.

Roger opened his eyes and it was a long moment before he realized where he was. Then he knew that the rough wood beside him was the wall of his father's office. He was on a camp cot, and Bill was asleep beside him.

He rubbed his eyes and realized that he ached all over. And slowly he began to remember. He and Bill had been so exhausted when they stumbled down the mountain alongside the waterfall that marked the exit of the underground stream, that they had scarcely been able to walk. But Slim had urged them on, and Roger could recall finally staggering up to the door of Pop's shed. He remembered, too, their first few confused words of explanation to a startled Mr. Baxter. But that was all. He, and Bill too, must have dropped asleep almost the moment they were inside.

He reached over and shook Bill. "Hey! Wake up! They've left without us—to go get Todd and have him pick up Williams. I remember Slim said that's what they'd have to do."

"They can't do that to us," Bill muttered thickly. And then he groaned.

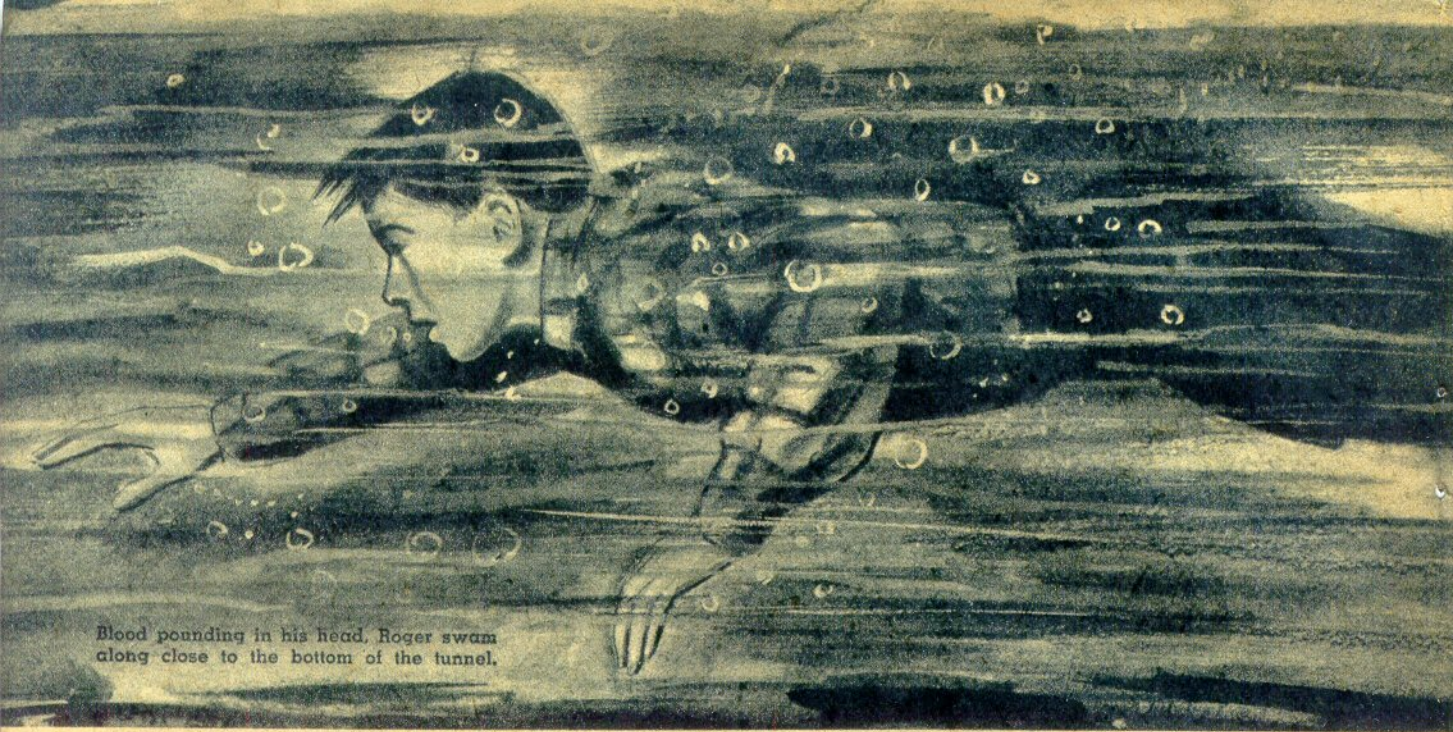
"Well, they did. But maybe we can catch them at the Pay Dirt Road, on their way. Come on. I want to be in on the end of this."

"I couldn't walk as far as the road. Not without something to eat. I'm starving."

"Well, it's only six o'clock and the mess hall won't be open." He







Blood pounding in his head, Roger swam along close to the bottom of the tunnel.

got up and banged impatiently through the screen door, but he had taken only half a dozen steps when Bill joined him.

"You don't have to be like that," he said crossly.

Roger flung an arm over his shoulders. "Guess maybe I'm a little hungry myself."

"A little hungry!"

Life came slowly back into their stiff limbs as they walked, and by the time they came in sight of Pay Dirt Road they were trotting.

"Willie'll be able to tell us if they've already gone by," Roger suggested, as they headed toward the tunnel entrance.

"Maybe they went to Robertson's to arrest him first."

"Maybe. But Slim said they'd try to get Williams to talk. Then they'd have plenty to charge Robertson with—if he is the boss."

"But who else could it be?"

There was a loud blast from an automobile horn behind them just then, and they swung around and began to wave their arms excitedly, there in the middle of the road. But the car didn't stop until it was nearly on top of them, and it wasn't until then that Roger recognized its single occupant.

"Mr. Johnson!" he said. "Are you ahead of them, or are they ahead of you?" Roger felt a little awkward. It must not be very pleasant to be on your way to get a story about the arrest of your own brother-in-law. He could see that the publisher looked pale and worried.

38

"Sorry, boys," Johnson said. "But I'm in a big hurry. Can't give you a lift this morning. Or answer riddles either."

Bill jumped up on the running board. "But we're going the same place you're going. Listen, you'll put in a swell story about Diego and his father being innocent, won't you? So everybody—"

"I told you I was in a hurry."

"Then you mean Pop and Slim Warner and the sheriff are already out at Williams' place?" Roger asked.

"Warner?" Johnson echoed, his face suddenly grey. "At Sam's?"

And then Roger knew. Johnson wasn't going out to his brother-in-law's to get a story. Johnson didn't know what had happened.

Bill was opening the door and sliding into the front seat. "We won't be in the way. But, gee, after all we went through last night in the old mine, we don't want to miss—"

"Get out!" Johnson shouted. "Get out of the car!" He gave Bill a shove and thrust him up against Roger, still standing outside the car.

Roger couldn't have explained why he was so sure, but he was. *Johnson was the boss.*

Without consciously planning what was best to do, Roger leaped up and reached across Bill to grab the steering wheel. Somehow he had to hold Johnson here until they could get help.

"Call Willie," he said between his teeth. "Quick, Bill. Quick."

Johnson pried at Roger's fingers with one hand, and pushed him backward with the other. "If you don't get out of here—" he said. His voice was cold and his eyes were narrow blue slits.

"Get Willie!" Roger repeated, hanging on. "Don't you see? He's the boss!"

He felt rather than saw Bill slip out behind him. And then Roger's fingers were torn from the wheel, and he shot backward out of the car to land with a jar that jolted every bone in his body.

Dimly he heard the gears clash and saw the car begin to move. And then he saw Willie, with Bill clinging to his arm and pointing. "Stop him!" Roger managed in a hoarse shout.

With a single gesture Willie's old gun whipped up and flame spurted from its mouth. There was a sharp crack and then another and another.

Johnson's car, already a hundred feet down the road, lurched sharply to the left and then to the right. Its front wheels dipped down into the ditch, and then, with a resounding crash, the car toppled over on its side.

And then Roger saw another car tearing toward them, with Slim's thin face peering out at the side of the windshield. It was all right now. Everything was going to be all right.

"Quiere mas?" Mrs. Montez in-



quired, stopping behind Bill's chair holding a great platter of enchiladas.

"Si," Bill grinned happily. "She asked me if I wanted more," he explained condescendingly to Roger, "and I said—"

"Never mind. I can guess what you said."

They all laughed. It was easy to laugh that night. They had been celebrating together ever since, two hours before, Pop had driven Diego and his father home from jail. And while they satisfied their appetites, Slim satisfied their curiosity.

"So Johnson just seemed the most likely suspect," he was saying. "Minton had told him once that there was a small good vein of gold in the old Alice Mine, so Johnson brought his brother-in-law Williams out here and put him to work on it, with Minton's help."

"But could they dig enough ore to make it pay, Slim?" Baxter asked.

"Sure. That stuff probably asays between one and two hundred dollars a ton, and they could dig four tons a week without too much trouble—and smelt it down, too, in that neat little plant they rigged up. We don't know the exact figures yet, but from what Williams said they must have taken out over five hundred tons."

Roger did some quick mental arithmetic. "Gosh! At an average of \$150 a ton, that's about \$75,000!"

Slim grinned. "Exactly. So you see why they were upset when they discovered that the highway tunnel was going to cut across their shaft. Johnson wrote that first indignant letter-to-the-editor over Williams' signature, and when Robertson jumped in with his public-spirited-citizen act, to try to get the highway to run through Pay Dirt, they backed him up for all they were worth. But when the highway route wasn't changed, they had to use other tactics. Minton engineered the landslide and the damage to the pumps and the fire in the repair shed and finally the cave-in—all in an attempt to delay construction at least over the winter. That would have given them another six months' working time."

"And you knew all that all along, Slim?" Roger asked.

Slim winked at him. "I just had a hunch, that's all. Robertson didn't seem quite the type to me, and Johnson did. But it's a mighty

good thing you boys held Johnson there until we came along. He was trying to get away, you know. When he heard from Williams about how they had dynamited the entrance, with the idea of letting me rot to death in there, Johnson decided to clear out. He's much too smart a man to risk a charge of murder, and he knew my body would be found when the highway tunnel broke into the shaft."

Mrs. Montez shook her head sadly. She didn't understand all that was being said, but she caught enough to understand that the tall detective and the nice sons of Senor Baxter had been in great danger because they wished to help her family.

"Quiere mas?" she asked again, eager to show her appreciation in the manner she understood best.

Slim let her heap his plate again. "I don't know when I've been so glad to see any criminal on his way to justice," he mused. "The illegal mining was a comparatively minor crime. But to have allowed you folks to be blamed for the tunnel sabotage—that was something that really got me sore!"

Mr. Baxter nodded. "The blame isn't all his, though," he pointed out. "It ought to be shared by all the people who were only too willing to believe in your guilt." He nodded toward Diego and his father. "I'm certainly glad we

scapegoats—we are fortunate to have such friends as you!" He shook his head. "How are we ever to thank you for all you have done?"

"There are no thanks involved in this situation," Mr. Baxter told him firmly. "Except mine to you, Slim. You've lost part of your vacation, and—"

"I thought I explained that there was nothing I'd rather do during a vacation than what I have done. However," Slim added slowly, with a significant glance at the three boys, "I would rather like to spend the rest of my time doing a little amateur prospecting around here—if only I had a few bright young men to prospect with."

The engineer nodded with mock resignation. "I see. So I suppose all I can do is assign you my three water-boys." He grinned suddenly. "As a matter of fact, I'd decided—in view of all they've done to keep the tunnel going—that they were entitled to two-week vacations with pay anyhow."

"Gosh, Pop! Gosh, Slim!" Roger said.

"That'd be swell," Bill agreed. "I too would like that very much." And Diego flashed one of his rare smiles.

"Speaking of prospecting," Mr. Baxter added, "I understand Robertson is going to survey the new vein Johnson's been working on, and see if it's worth opening up on a large scale. If it isn't he's willing to lease it to some small prospector, and I suggested Willie. It would be a wonderful opportunity for the old man, and he certainly deserves it."

"I was just thinking," Bill said dreamily, "he deserves a vacation too. Gee, you should have seen the way he hit Johnson's tires! You know, we oughtn't to go prospecting without a good guide. And Willie says he's a good cook over a camp fire, too. We'll have to eat on our trip, you know. I mean—"

Mrs. Montez had heard the word *eat*, and she reached immediately for the platter again.

"Quiere mas?" she inquired eagerly.

But she seemed surprised when everybody at the table answered for Bill with a shout that resounded against the adobe walls of the little house.

"Si, si!" they chanted. "Si, si!" And then they all laughed.

**THE END**

## "SONS OF THE THUNDERER"

Next month, CALLING ALL BOYS will present a thrilling new serial by HAL GOODWIN —"SONS OF THE

THUNDERER" . . . .

Don't miss it!

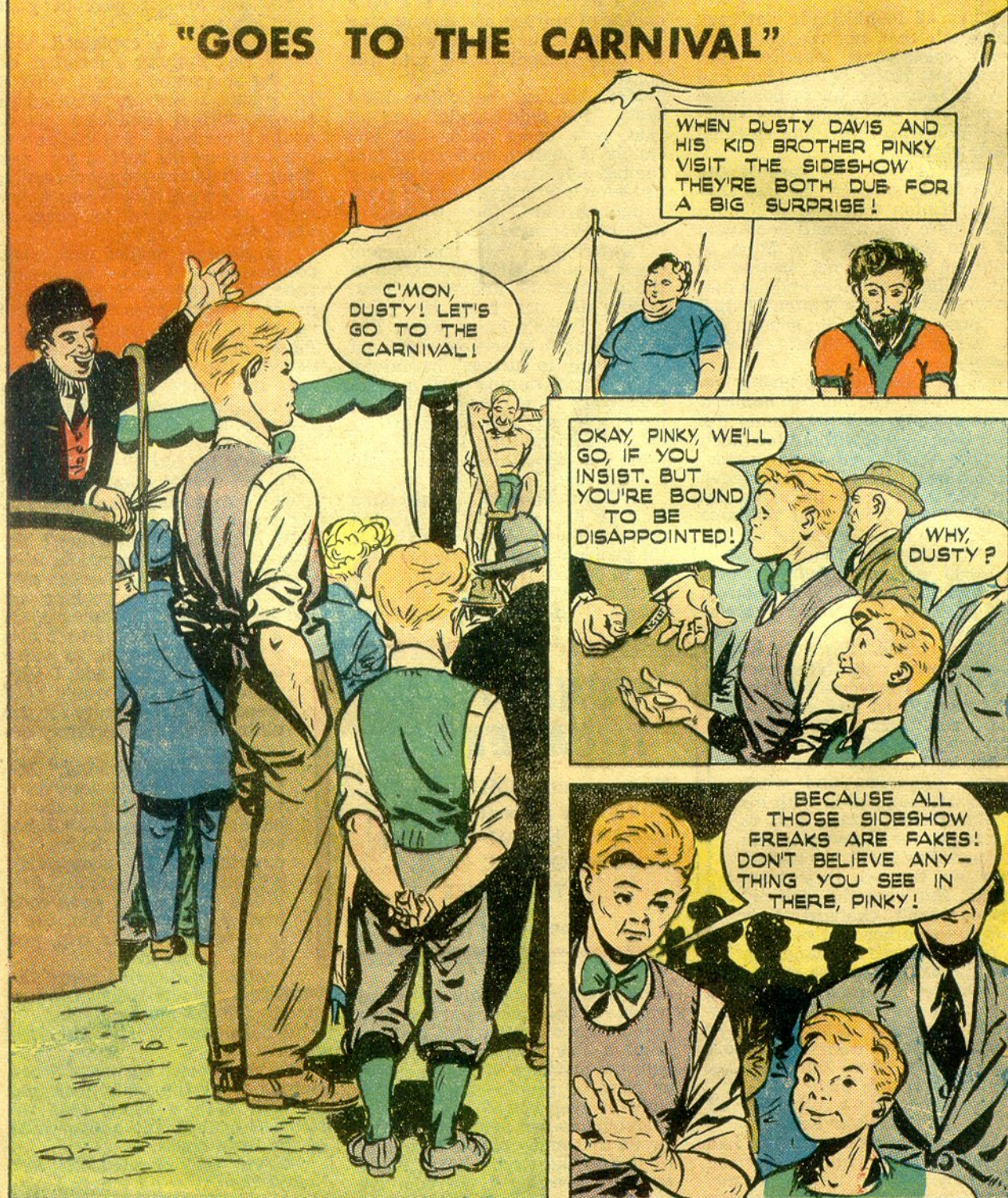
don't have to anticipate any more trouble at the tunnel, but I'm even happier knowing that this may remind a few people that justice isn't the privilege of any one kind or class of people—that it's the right of everybody."

Montez smiled gently. "It is a lesson that many people take long to learn," he said. "And while they are learning it, we who are so often—what you call them—

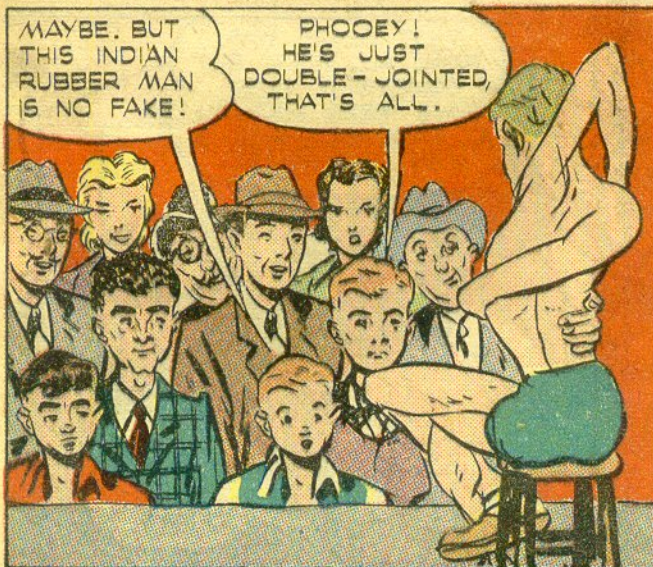
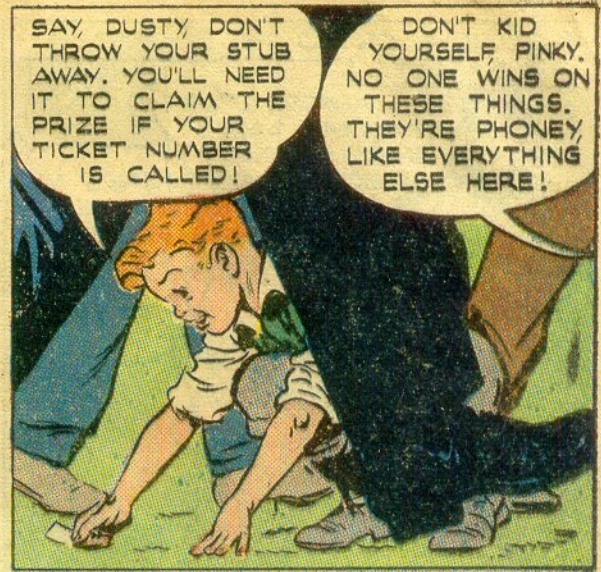


# DUSTY DAVIS

"GOES TO THE CARNIVAL"









THEY MOVE ON TO THE BEARDED  
LADY'S TENT...

DOES ANYONE DOUBT  
THAT THIS LADY'S  
BEARD IS REAL?  
IF SO, STEP  
RIGHT  
UP!

HERE'S MY  
CHANCE TO  
PROVE TO  
PINKY THAT  
THESE ACTS  
ARE ALL  
FRAUDS!



NOW, YOUNG MAN, IF  
YOU DON'T THINK THIS  
LADY'S BEARD IS REAL,  
JUST EXAMINE IT  
FOR YOURSELF.

YESSIR!



I'LL JUST PULL  
REAL HARD AND  
PROVE IT'S GLUED!  
ON! G-GEE, IT  
WON'T PULL  
OFF!

OWWWW!  
LET ME GO!



WAIT TILL I GET MY  
HANDS ON YOU, YOU  
YOUNG SCAMP!

ULP!  
LET'S GO,  
PINKY!

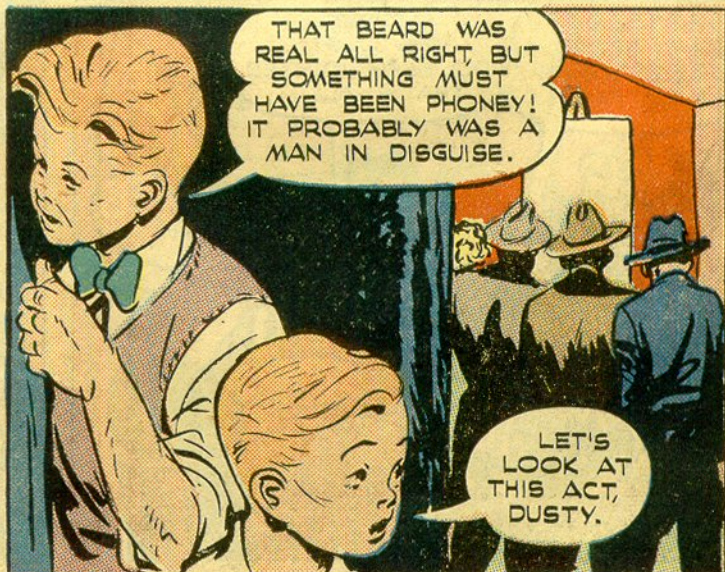


DUCK  
IN HERE,  
DUSTY!

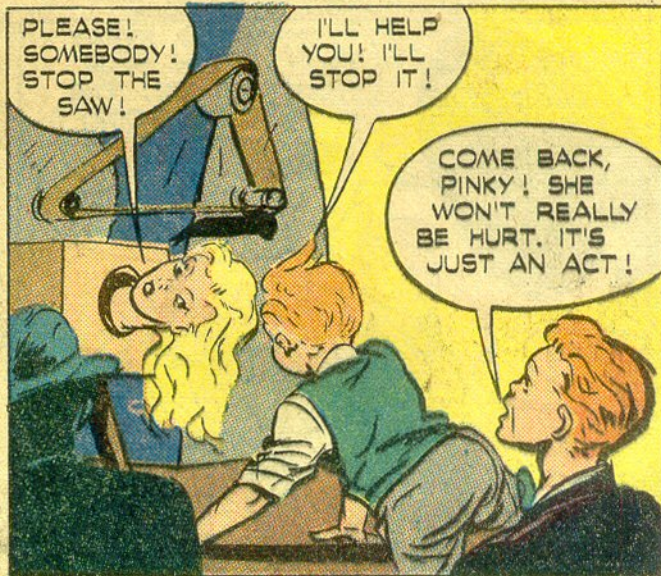
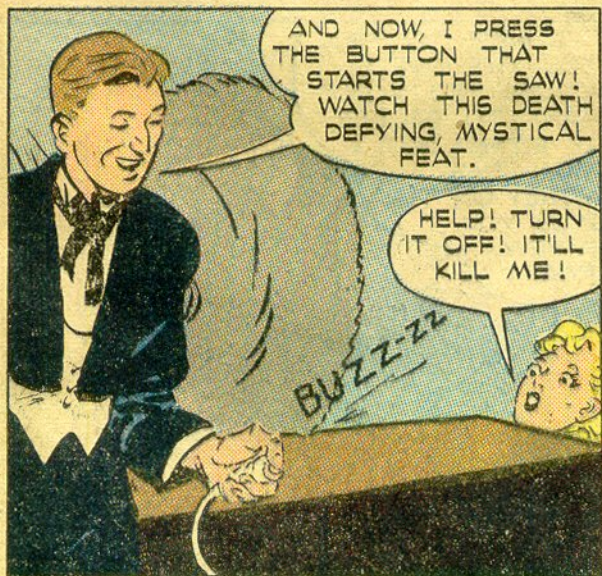
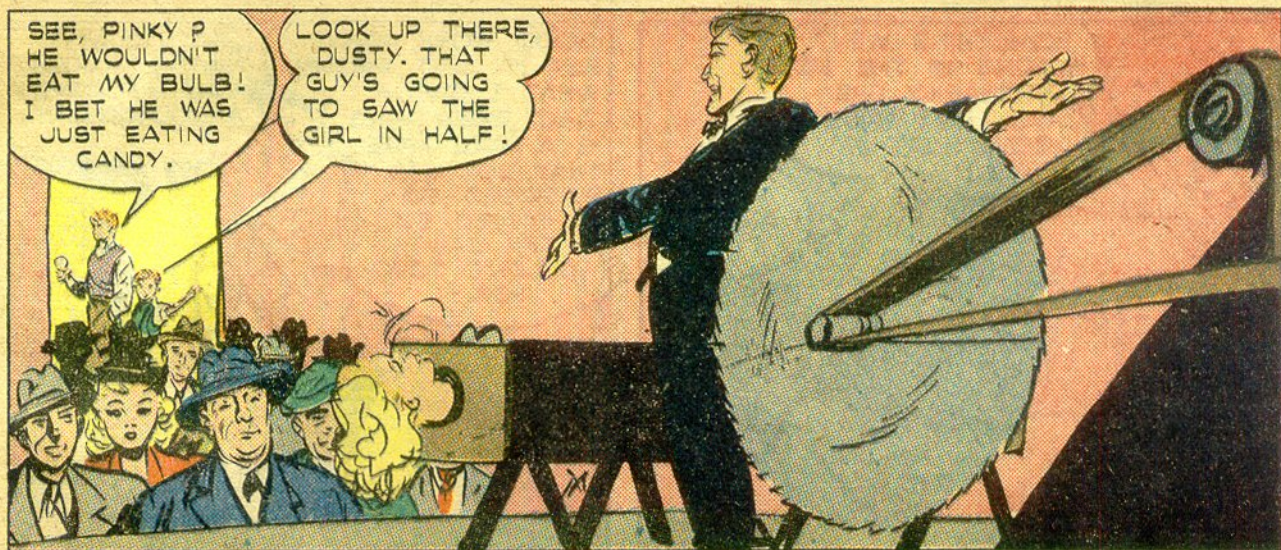
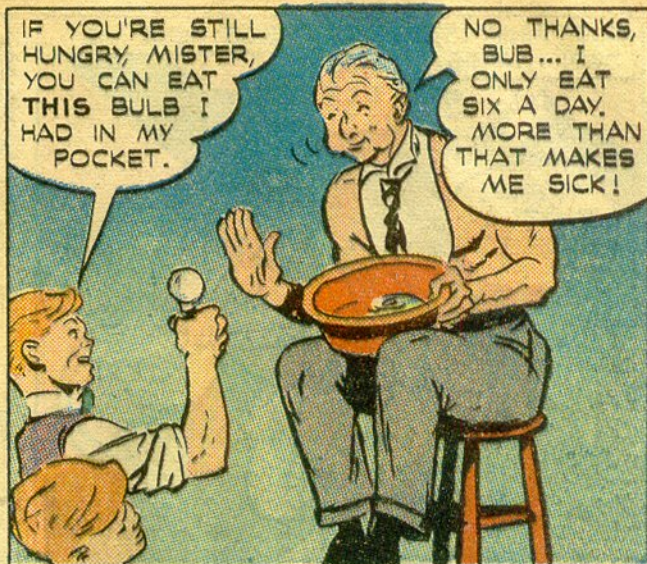
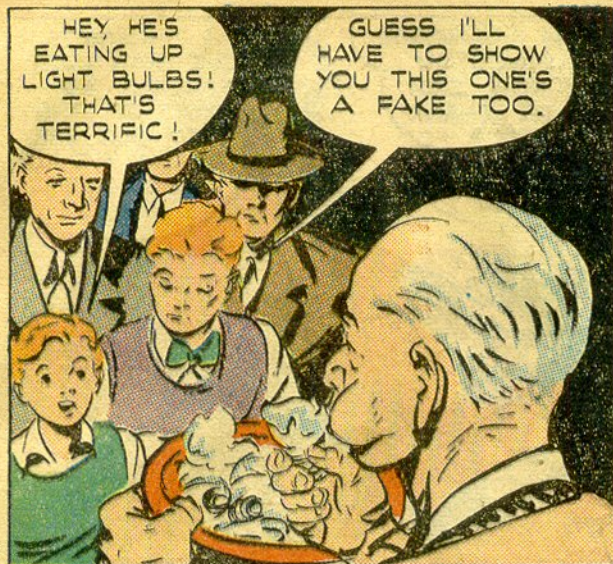


THAT BEARD WAS  
REAL ALL RIGHT, BUT  
SOMETHING MUST  
HAVE BEEN PHONEY!  
IT PROBABLY WAS A  
MAN IN DISGUISE.

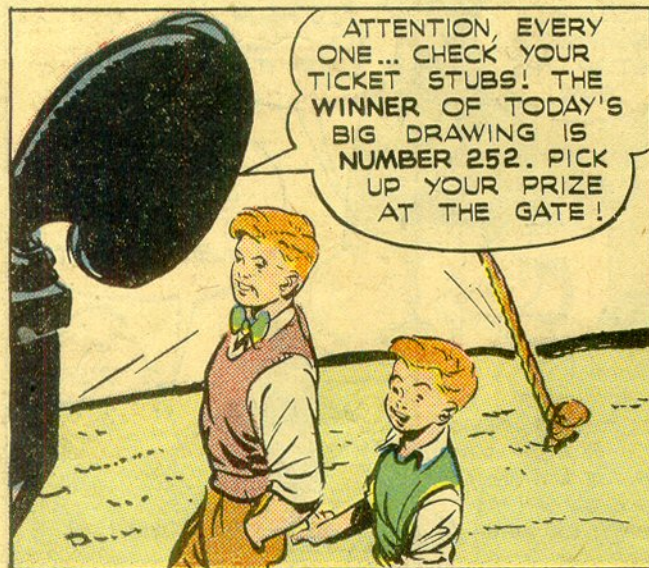
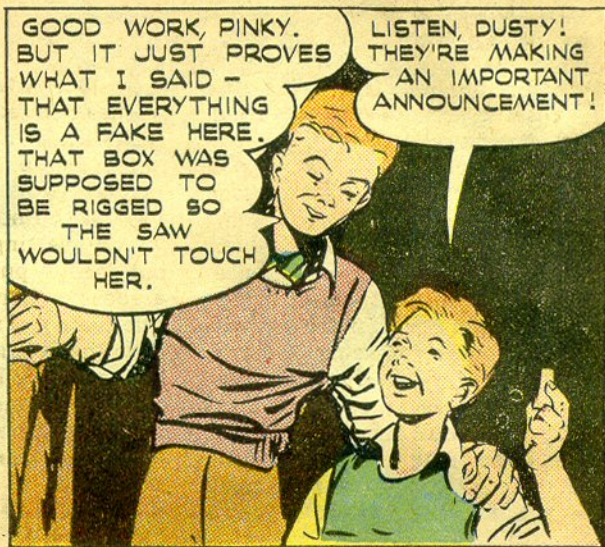
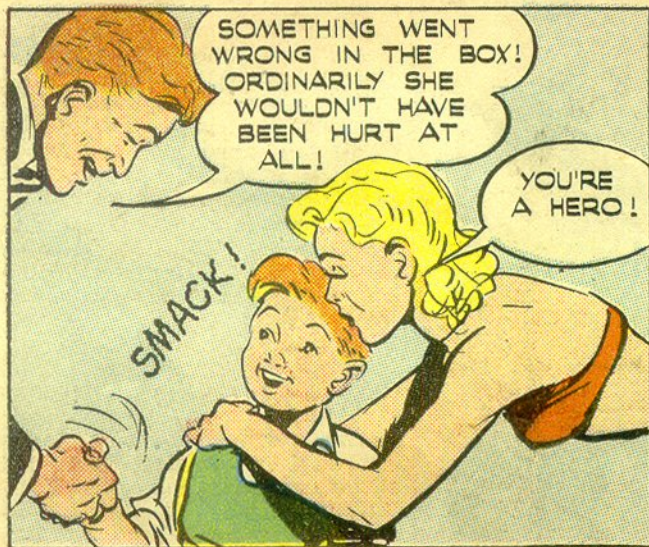
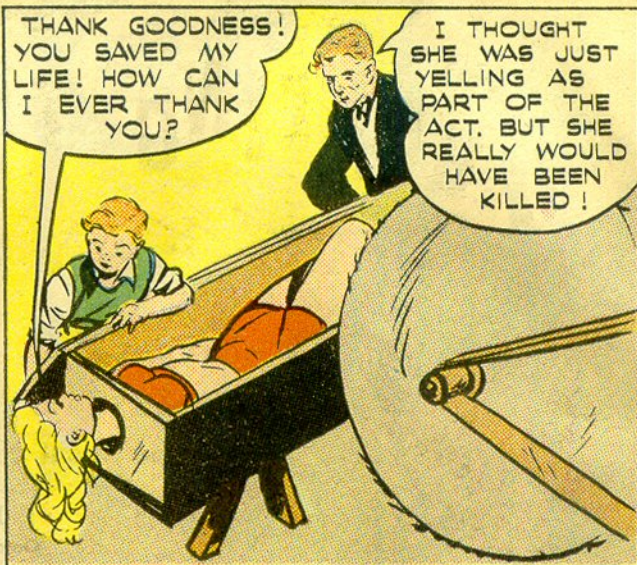
LET'S  
LOOK AT  
THIS ACT,  
DUSTY.













# HUNTING TIPS



Whether you're gunning for deer, ducks or cottontails, these tips'll come in handy

By JIM HURLEY  
Outdoor Expert of ABC's  
Fishing and Hunting  
Club of the Air

FOR a hunting trip that's successful from every point of view, it's more important for you to be a square shooter than a good shot. Half the fun of any outdoor expedition comes from the companionship of friends, the swapping of stories, help and advice, and, of course, the thrill of bringing home game. Your friends will forgive you for missing a mark, but it's harder for them to overlook negligence or selfishness on your part that might result in someone's being hurt. So here are three important safety rules for you to observe while you're out hunting:

1. Never shoot at anything unless you're absolutely certain of what it is.

2. Always unload your gun when going into a camp, house, car or boat. Never lean a loaded rifle against a tree.

3. Keep your safety on until you're actually expecting a shot.

These rules should help keep you and your buddies in one piece when you're out hunting. The following suggestions ought to improve your gunning technique and guarantee fuller game bags.



To fool your prey when hunting ducks or geese, try covering yourself with a minnow net. Besides being useful for camouflage, the net serves as a handy game carrier on the homeward trip. And, when setting

out decoys, put a goose or heron decoy in with the ducks, if they're available. Geese and herons are notoriously cautious birds, and if the ducks see them around they'll come winging in without a prayer.

In dense woods, chalk the rear edge of your front sight, so that it appears white against the dark background.

If a deer that you've been chasing goes onto posted ground, find the owner of the land and try to get permission to follow the deer.

Never crowd a wounded deer anyway—they'll keep running until they drop. Let them rest and stiffen up for half an hour or so, and then follow them.

Finally, be sure to learn and obey the hunting regulations of your state. Only through carefully observing limits and seasons that have been set up can we be certain that there'll be game in the forests to hunt next year!



## THE HUMAN FISH (Continued from page 6)

"Must weigh a hundred pounds!" Mr. Tuttle said as the *Dolphin* headed back through the storm for port. "Just wait till I get this baby mounted. My partner's mouth will be closed for good!"

An hour later, Salty was standing on Palmville's dock. Mr. Tuttle had just had his photograph taken beside the strung-up sailfish. And now he reached in his pocket and pulled out his wallet.

"Put out your hand, boy," he said to Salty.

And Mr. Tuttle began stacking a pile of wet banknotes into Salty's open palm.

"You've paid me what you promised," Salty said. "You offered two hundred dollars if you caught a sail."

Mr. Tuttle glowered at him and put out more bills. "Two hundred dollars for a sailfish," he growled. "But you landed me, too. And if you think I'm not worth more than him," he jerked a thumb at the hanging sailfish, "you're dead wrong. Here. Take this."

Salty and Pickles dizzily counted the money as the little Detroitier strode away to his hotel. "Five hundred dollars!" Salty said, unbelievably.

Pickles let out a war whoop! "Dolphin, old girl," Salty said happily. "You're going to have your face lifted. You're going to be the prettiest, smartest charter boat on the whole East Coast. And all because of a human fish!"

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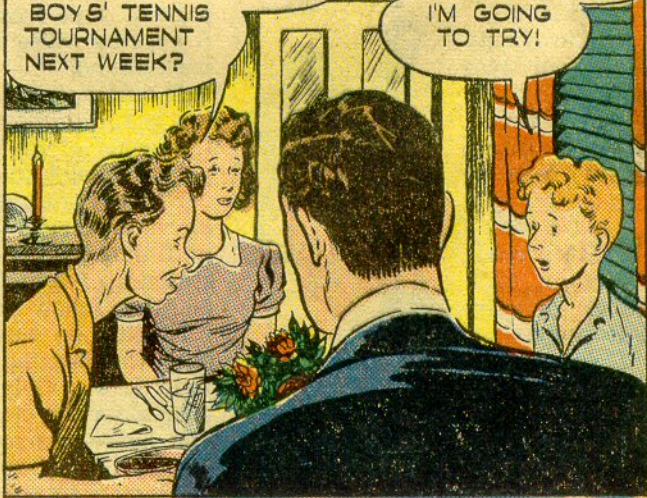


## THE STORY OF DON BUDGE



GEE, LET'S  
NOT, LLOYD. I'D  
RATHER PLAY  
BASEBALL!

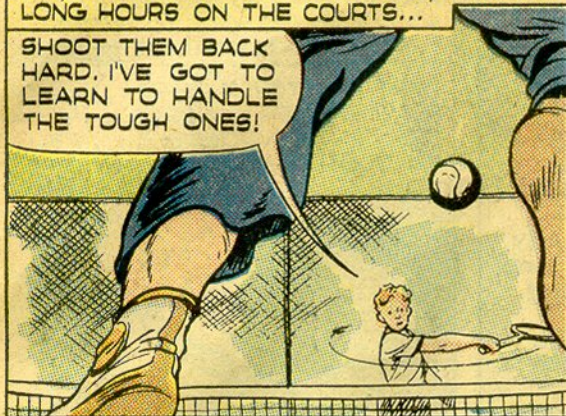
THE CALIFORNIA  
STATE? — TELL  
YOU WHAT!  
I'M GOING  
TO TRY!





IT WAS A CHALLENGE, IN A WAY. THE NEXT DAY, AND EVERY DAY THAT WEEK, HE SPENT LONG HOURS ON THE COURTS...

SHOOT THEM BACK HARD. I'VE GOT TO LEARN TO HANDLE THE TOUGH ONES!

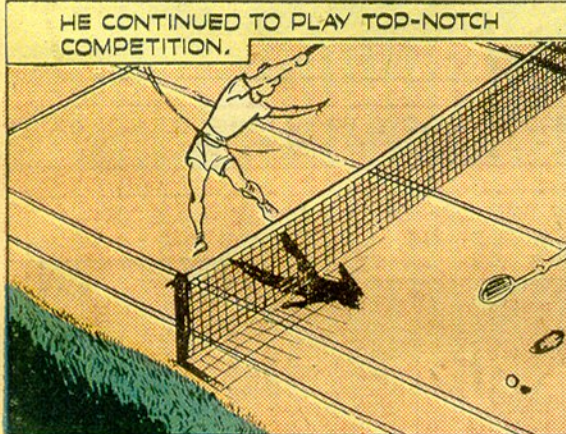


AND AS HE RECEIVED CONGRATULATIONS, A STRANGE NEW THOUGHT CAME TO HIS MIND...

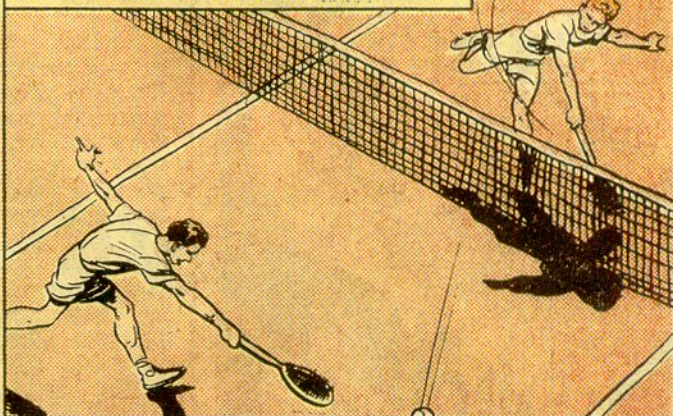
GOLLY—THIS GAME ISN'T SO BAD AFTER ALL!



HE CONTINUED TO PLAY TOP-NOTCH COMPETITION.



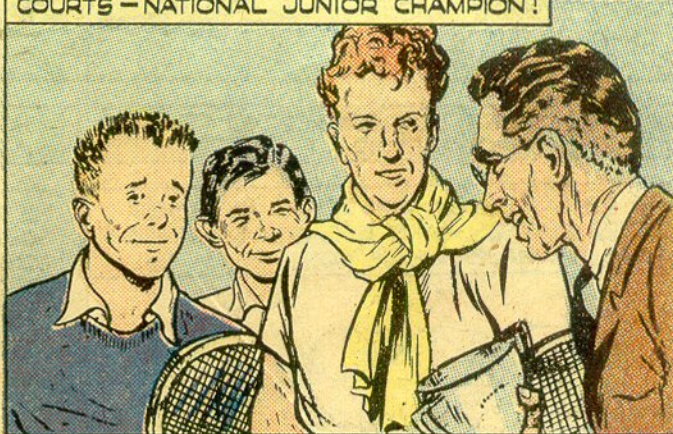
THEN HE ENTERED THE TOURNAMENT—AND WALKED OFF WITH THE TITLE!



HIS INTEREST AWAKENED, HE BEGAN TO ENTER OTHER CONTESTS—AND IN 1932 WON THE IMPORTANT PACIFIC COAST JUNIOR CROWN!



THEN, AT CULVER, INDIANA, DON WALKED OFF THE COURTS—NATIONAL JUNIOR CHAMPION!



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WIN AFTER WIN FOLLOWED. THEN, IN 1937, WELL ESTABLISHED AS ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREAT PLAYERS, HE WENT OVERSEAS WITH THE U.S. DAVIS CUP TEAM...

GEE, I HOPE WE WIN THE CUP THIS YEAR!

SO DO I. OUR COUNTRY HASN'T WON FOR ELEVEN YEARS.

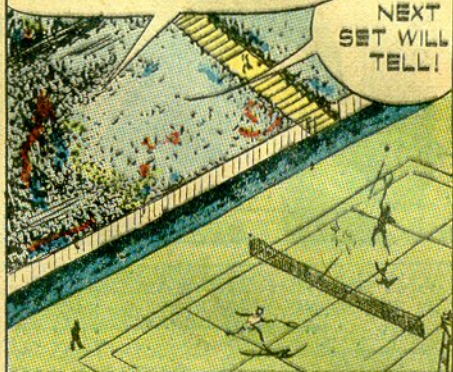


IN THE INTERZONE ROUND-DECISIVE BECAUSE THE WINNERS WOULD PLAY THE WEAK BRITISH TEAM FOR THE CUP-BOTH U.S. AND GERMANY WON AND LOST TWO. THEN BEGAN ONE OF THE MOST EXCITING MATCHES IN TENNIS HISTORY: BUDGE VS. THE EXPERT GOTTFRIED VON CRAMM, TO DECIDE THE ROUND!

VON CRAMM TOOK THE FIRST TWO SETS-AND BUDGE FOLLOWED UP AND TOOK THE THIRD AND FOURTH!

WHAT A MATCH! THEY'RE PLAYING SUCH WONDERFUL TENNIS IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO GUESS WHO'LL WIN!

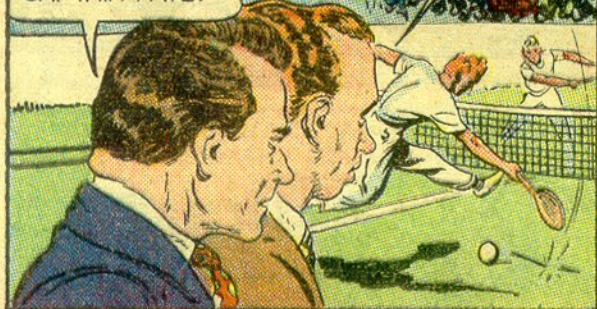
WELL, THE NEXT SET WILL TELL!



IN THE FIFTH SET, VON CRAMM'S PLAY BECAME EVEN BETTER-AND THE AMERICANS' HOPES FELL...

THERE HE GOES AGAIN! THAT BRINGS THE SCORE TO 1-4, CAPTAIN PATE!

I THINK WE'RE SUNK!

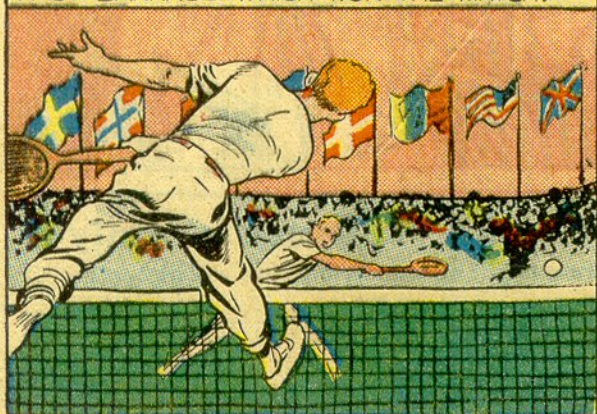


BUT DON SAW THE SADNESS IN HIS CAPTAIN'S EYES, AND APPROACHED HIM AS HE CHANGED COURTS...

DON'T WORRY, CAP. I WON'T LET YOU DOWN!



HE RETURNED TO THE COURT WITH NEW DETERMINATION-AND BEGAN A LIGHTNING-FAST BARRAGE WHICH WON THE MATCH!



LATER THE U.S. TEAM EASILY DEFEATED THE BRITISH AND TOOK THE CUP!

WHEN WAR CAME, DON BUDGE HUNG UP HIS TENNIS CLOTHES AND DONNED THE UNIFORM OF THE ARMY AIR FORCES!



TODAY, HE IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE WORLD'S TOP PRO TENNIS STARS.



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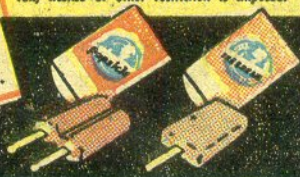


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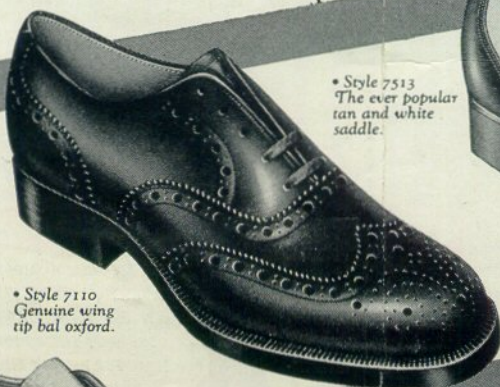


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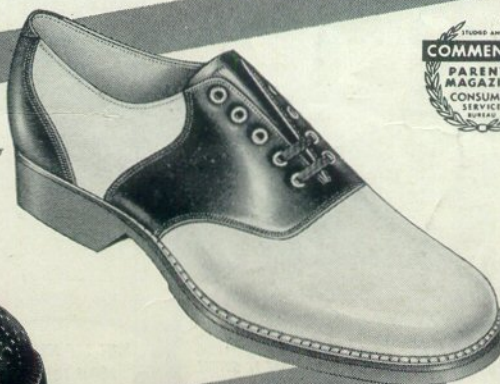
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